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# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 23 Nov. 1960

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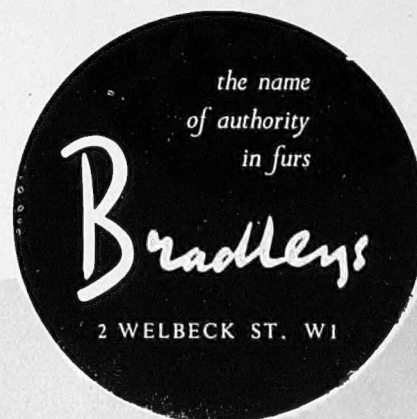
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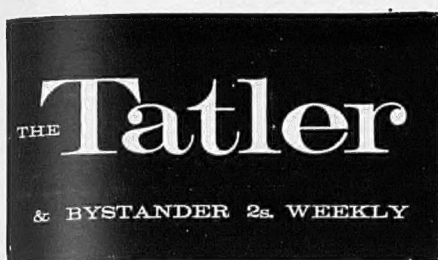
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Volume CCXXXVIII Number 3091  
23 NOVEMBER 1960

Page

GOING PLACES:	448
<i>Going places late</i>	
by Douglas Sutherland	450
<i>Going places to eat</i>	
by John Baker White	450
<i>Going places abroad</i>	453
by Doone Beal	
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES	458
FEATURES:	
<i>The castle country</i>	
reported and photographed by	
Brodrick Haldane	455
<i>Now watch Ike &amp; Jack tread water</i>	
by Claud Cockburn	461
<i>Nothing so modern as antiques</i>	
photographed by Tom Hustler	462
<i>The secret service that only a woman</i>	
known by Mary Macpherson	466
<i>Ring for Mr. Betjeman</i>	
by Siriol Hugh-Jones	
photographs by Mark Gerson	467
LORD KILBRACKEN	470
FASHION: <i>What's fresh in furs</i>	471
COUNTDOWN: <i>New touches for Christmas</i>	478
VERDICT:	
on plays by Anthony Cookman	480
on films by Elspeth Grant	481
on books by Siriol Hugh-Jones	481
on records by Gerald Lascelles	482
on galleries by Alan Roberts	482
GOOD LOOKS	484
DINING IN	487
by Helen Burke	
MAN'S WORLD	490
by David Morton	
MOTORING	492
by Gordon Wilkins	
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	494

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## A PENALTY OF POPULARITY



First glimpse in colour of Regent Street's decorations for Christmas, designed by Beverley Pick for the Regent Street Association and photographed from his model by PRISCILLA CONRAN. Mr. Pick went to Nigeria this year to do the decorations for the independence celebrations. He has also decorated Oxford Street and Bond Street for Christmas. For domestic New Touches for Christmas, turn to page 478

EVERY periodical gets complaints. Too much fashion/not enough fashion. . . . That article went too far/that article didn't go far enough. . . . Give us more pictures/give us more to read. . . . But just now the most frequent complaint is one that is caused by growing popularity: "I want to buy The TATLER but I couldn't get it." To every reader who has not been able to buy the magazine this explanation, and our deep regret, is offered. Retailers can only stock as many copies as they expect to be able to sell. And in a period when the widening appeal of The TATLER is leading to growing demand the amount is difficult to gauge. So stocks may err on the low side, as retailers naturally do not wish to be left with unsold magazines on their hands.

But . . . please do not give up if one bookstall has sold out. . . . There is always a sure way of obtaining a copy. Either ask the retailer to order one, or telephone the Circulation Manager at this office. In fact the Circulation Manager would be grateful to hear of any difficulty in buying The TATLER, so that he can arrange for increased supplies.

The one reader who never suffers inconvenience of this kind is, of course, the one with a regular order, either through a newsagent or direct to this office. This ensures that he or she need never miss the lively and unexpected contributions that distinguish The TATLER these days, and which this week include:

*Ring for Mr. Betjeman*, an appreciation of this engaging figure by Siriol Hugh-Jones and some photographs of the City retreat where he writes (page 467). . . . *Now watch Ike & Jack tread water*, an election postscript by Claud Cockburn (page 461). . . . *Nothing so modern as antiques*, pictures of some of the young girls who have been provided with an unexpected career by the boom in antiques (page 462). . . . *The castle country*, an account by Brodrick Haldane of a visit to Galway and Monaghan, where there are signs of a cult for buying up, and doing up, a cheap Irish castle (page 455)

Next week: Nights out in Hongkong. . . .





says

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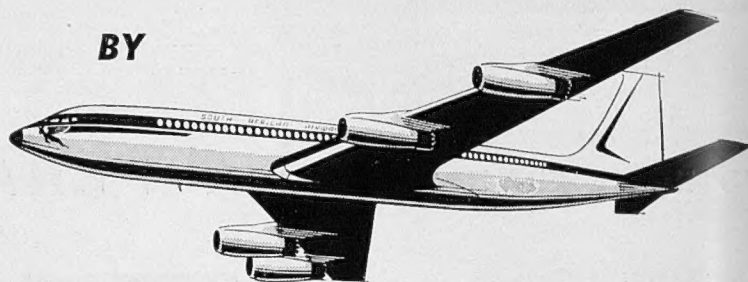


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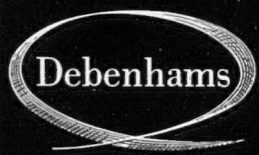




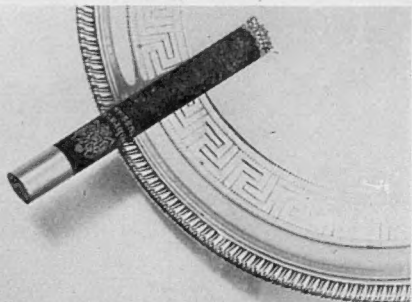
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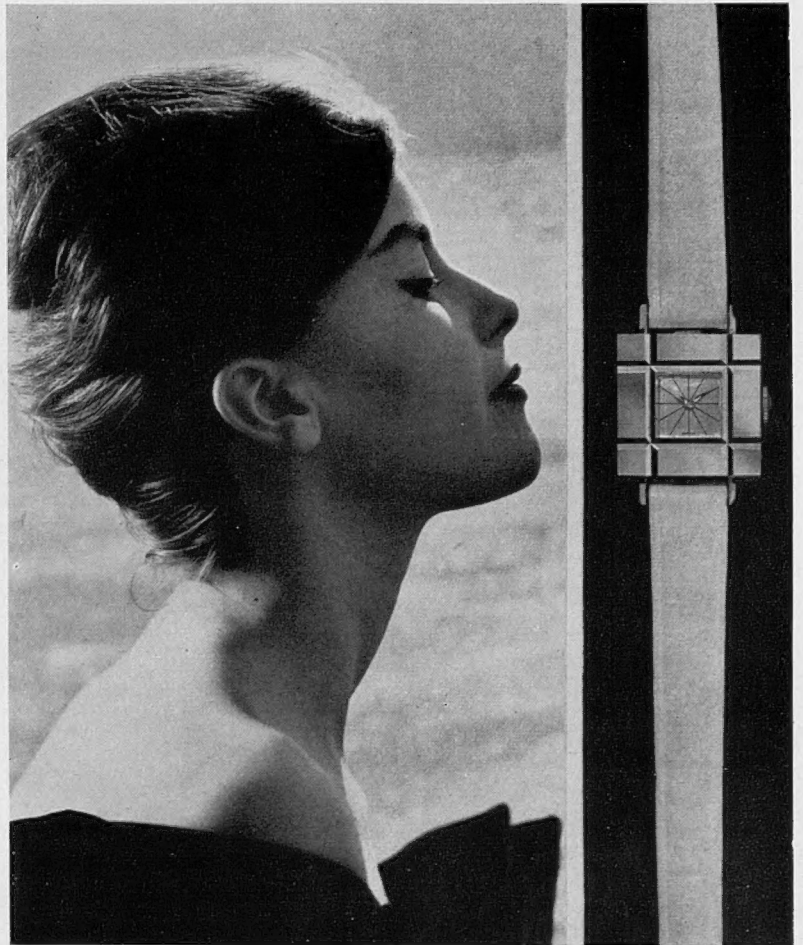
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## SOCIAL

**Berkshire County Ball**, 25 November, at the Council Chambers, Abingdon, for the Order of St. John. Tickets: 2 gns. from the Hon. Lady Gamage, Springmead, Ascot. (Tel.: Ascot 315.)

**Hunt Balls** on 25 November: **Brighton & Storrington Foot Beagles**, at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton; **Hambledon**, at the Guildhall, Winchester; **South Oxfordshire**, at Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames.

**Bubbly Ball**, 28 November, at the Dorchester, organized by the London Junior Friends of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Tickets: 3 gns. from Mr. D. W. Watts, 14 Grosvenor Hill, W.1. **World Première of "The Three Worlds of Gulliver,"** to be attended by Princess Margaret, 30 November, at the Odeon, Marble Arch, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Tickets: 10s. 6d. to 15 gns. from the Hon. Lady Gamage, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. (GER 2774.)

**White Rose Ball**, 30 November, at the Savoy, sponsored by the Royal Stuart Society in aid of the Highland Fund. Tickets from Miss I. Edwards, 2A Trebeck Street, W.1.

## SPORT

**Race Meetings:** Haydock Park, Kempton Park, 23, 24; Newbury, 25, 26; Sedgefield, Warwick, 26; Leicester, 28, 29; Fontwell Park, 28; Liverpool, 30 November, 1 December.

**Motoring:** R.A.C. International Rally, Blackpool—Brand's Hatch, to 26 November.

**Squash Rackets:** Open championship, R.A.C., 30 November, 5 December.

## MUSICAL

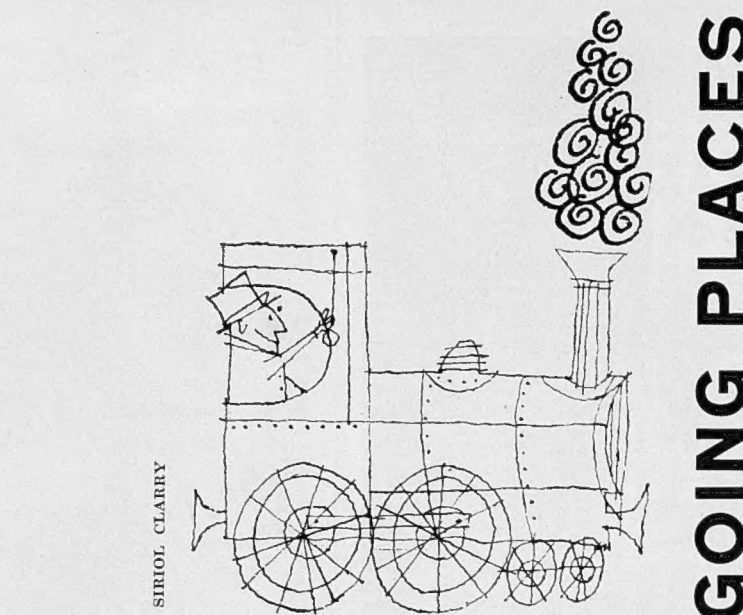
**Covent Garden Opera.** *Peter Grimes*, 25 November (last performance of season); *Carmen*, tonight (last performance of season); *Macbeth*, 24, 29 November (last performances of season); *Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci*, 26, 28, 30 November. All at 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera.** *Cinderella*, tonight; *Fidelio* (first performance of season), 24 November, also 26, 29 November; *The Marriage of Figaro*, 25 November. (TER 1672/3.)

**Royal Festival Hall.** London Symphony Orchestra, with Maurizio Pollini (piano), 8 p.m., 25 November; Jazz concerts, 3, 6 & 8.45 p.m., 26 November; Bach Choir, *Mass In B Minor*, 8 p.m., 29 November; B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Mahler's 2nd Symphony, 8 p.m., 30 November. (WAT 3191.)

SERGIO VARELLA-CID, soloist with the Philharmonia Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall on 6 December, is joined at practice by his godfather, pianist Benno Moiseiwitsch, who will be playing there with the Royal Philharmonic on 10 December

ERICH AUERBACH



## GOING PLACES

**Photographic & TV Exhibition**, Royal Albert Hall, to 25 November. **Radio Hobbies Exhibition**, R.H.S. Old Hall, Westminster, to 26 November.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Vaudeville Theatre.** *The Bride Comes Back*, 25 November. **Royalty Theatre.** Antonio & his Spanish Ballet, 30 November.

## THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 480.

**Chin-Chin.** "... something of a temperance tract brought horrifyingly up to date ... an admirable vehicle for finely-nuanced acting." Anthony Quayle, Celia Johnson, Brian Smith. (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028.)

## CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 481.

**Man In The Moon.** "... sufficiently felicitous in its digs at such familiar horrors as atomic research and the English summer to keep one amused most of the time." Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field, Michael Hordern. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WHI 6111.)

## ART

**P. Wilson Steer Exhibition**, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 11 December.

**Lyonel Feininger Memorial Exhibition**, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, S.W.1, to 17 December.

**Eva Fischer** (paintings), Lefevre

Gallery, Bruton Street, W.1, to 17 December.

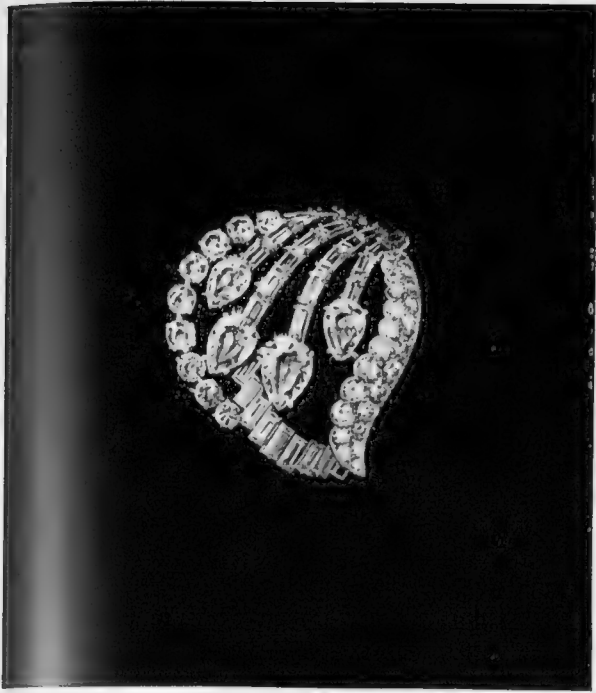
## EXHIBITIONS

**Caravan Exhibition**, Olympia, 30 November to 6 December.

**Publishers' Association Children's Book Show**, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., 28 November to 10 December.







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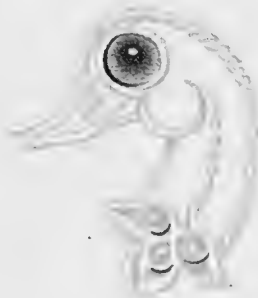
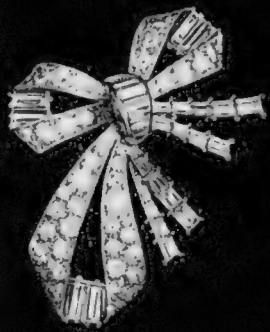


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## GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland



LAST WEEK LONDON'S FIRST CHINESE eating club, the Lung Feng, opened at 3 Cromwell Road (corner of Exhibition Road). Apart from its distinction as London's first, the Lung Feng has an additional claim to fame in that this must surely be the first time that a club has been acquired to find a public for a particular chef. Admittedly the chef, Mr. Kou Teh-Lou, is an unusual personality and his story made news at the time. Originally chef at his country's Embassy in London—Chinese of whatever political persuasion are at one in their love of good food—Mr. Kou Teh-Lou walked out of the Embassy one day and sought political asylum. Dr. Chen, a former Ambassador under the Chiang Kai-shek régime now resident in London, moved fast to reinstate Mr. Kou in a position suited to his special talents. Hence the Lung Feng.

"Why a club?" I asked Dr. Chen. He replied that it is because he feels a two-guinea membership will ensure a more seriously food-minded clientele for his chef. Compensation is offered, however, to new members in the form of their first meal on the house—a token of Chinese hospitality.

I took advantage of this and discovered several things that surprised me. For example, that the Chinese produce the most excellent hors d'oeuvres—quite unlike anything in the Western world—and that it is distinctly non-U to start a meal with soup. Instead you finish

with it. I also discovered that everyday dishes served in other Chinese restaurants, like spring rolls and sweet and sour pork, taste quite unlike Mr. Kou Teh-Lou's version.

Specialties of the house are Peking duck and three-colour shark fin. Average price is £1 per head and worth every penny of it to my mind. There is a comfortable and spacious bar decked out with Chinese lanterns and a good, reasonably priced wine list.

Another newish venture in an old setting, which I came across for the first time this week, is Madame Prunier's after-theatre *Souper Intime*. Normally Madame Prunier's celebrated gastronomic haven in St. James's Street would not qualify for mention in my late-night round-up. This new special menu is, however, devised for the late-night diner and I am more than happy to recommend it. I think there is a great need for restaurants in the West End which do not sniff audibly when asked to cater for dinner parties after 10 p.m. Prunier's aim to fill this gap and offer a 25s. 6d. menu which is hard to beat.

From a choice of 30 to 40 different dishes I chose oysters, a formidable steak, and angels on horseback, which, accompanied by one of Prunier's own imported white Burgundies must be good news at the price for late night gastronomes. I was also pleased to find a *sommelier* who agrees with me that wines are being drunk far too

young nowadays. I had one of the erstwhile much despised 1950s. It was in perfect condition and still

has many years to go before, in the phrase of the connoisseur, it "passes over the hill."



## GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

décor is by another young man, David Hicks, who is a co-director. At Kingly Street you take your bottle or send out; Kensington is fully licensed. *W.B.*

**Coquerico**, 303 Brompton Road (Sloane Avenue end: KEN 7898). *C.S.* It styles itself a *Restaurant Français*, and it is. Honest provincial cooking of a high standard, of the kind to be found in places like Rodez, Montargis, and in the Côte d'Or. Small, and simply but attractively furnished, it is good value for money—main course about 12s. 6d., and all you want to eat for about £1. They send out for wine. The third restaurant I have found in London that know how to make a *Salade de Tomates*.

### WINE NOTE

Fields of Sloane Avenue, Chelsea, specialize in out-of-the-ordinary wines. On their shelves are to be found several not on the lists of better-known wine merchants. They include the charming Jurançon Blanc de Blancs from the Pyrenees at 10s.; Bourgueil, a red wine from Montrichard on the Loire, with a background flavour of raspberries, at 8s. Drink at cellar temperature or even slightly chilled. There is also Alella, in my opinion one of the best of the Spanish white wines, at 8s., and the Bordeaux Grand Vin de la Chanoinesse at 7s. 6d. per bottle or 19s. 9d. in half-gallon flagons. All make an interesting and inexpensive change.

*C.S.* = Closed Sundays

*W.B.* = Wise to book

**Grosvenor House**, Park Lane, W.1. (GRO 6363.) I ate a luncheon at the restaurant here recently, served in the grand manner, such as I have not seen since 1939. *La Timbale de Homard Newbourg*, in a silver dish on a bed of truffled rice and held between the claws of two lobsters. *Le Faisan du Kent Roti*, the dish made splendid by a cock bird in full plumage gazing down on its companion. And *Le Soufflé Citron*. To drink with this memorable meal: Pouilly Fumé, Château du Vozet 1958, and Château Cheval Blanc St. Emilion 1950. To make sure of such enjoyment order well in advance and give the chef time to deploy his craftsmanship. *W.B.*

**Peter Evans Eating Houses**, 1 Kingly Street (just off Regent Street: REG 7460) and 78 Kensington High Street (opposite Barkers: WES 8282). Open mid-day to midnight Monday to Saturday. Peter Evans, a young man, has planned for young people. An adequate three-course meal costs 16s. 6d. without drinks. Steaks from 6s. 6d. upwards are of high quality, the *scampi*, 5s. 6d. or 8s. 6d., something special. So is the baked jacket potato served with sour cream and chives. The pleasant

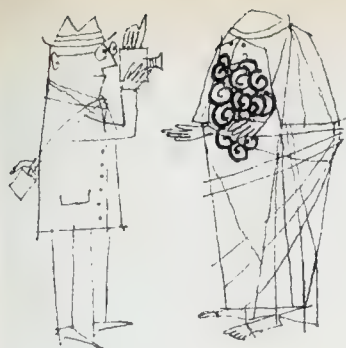
## BRIGGS by Graham





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## GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

## The day I gained a Tuesday



Signpost at Bodo Airport in Norway stimulates the imagination by showing flying time to cities all over the world

I am one of the world's more neurotic air passengers. I have consumed more assorted liquor than I like to think about, and wrung my hands in anguish over some thousands of miles of uncertain blue heaven in almost every type of aircraft. But as the great DC8C jet roared straight into the sky over Copenhagen ("none of that dipping about" as my companion gratefully remarked), I felt as relaxed as I might in a bus to Hammersmith. Though our destination was over the Pole to Tokio, I was reassured not only by plenty of tranquillizers and pink champagne, but also by some solid, comforting facts. Firstly, that one is never more than an hour's flying time from an airport, civil or military, on the Polar route. Secondly, that a chain of N.A.T.O. radar stations keeps all aircraft tagged. And thirdly, that flying conditions over the Arctic are some of the best in the world (it is layers of different air temperatures that make for the bumps). This theory was borne out in that there was not so much as a flutter during the entire 8,000 miles.

The first air crossing of the Arctic was made by the Norwegian Amundsen. Scandinavian Airlines were the commercial pioneers of this route, which can short-cut the distance by 2,300 miles. If one is to journey as far afield as Tokio, it obviously makes sense to return to Europe by the southern route with a chance to stay, for example, in Hong Kong, Bangkok, Karachi and Cairo for the price of your return ticket. But time-saving apart, the journey over the Pole is worth making one way, because of its beauty and fascination.

Depending on the headwinds, a likely refuelling stop is Bodo, in northern Norway, which one reaches some 2½ hours after leaving Copenhagen. Already inside the Arctic Circle, the landscape is extraordinarily beautiful. Long sloping hills come down to the water like sleeping seals, backed by immense, snow-speckled mountains. A huge signpost at the airport which indicated Santiago, 19 hours 35 minutes; Los Angeles, 13 hours 45 minutes; Tokio, 14 hours 5 minutes, and London a mere 3½, stimulated an already reckless fancy.

During the next seven hours—the most interesting leg of the flight—even the port and starboard windows of the aircraft presented different spectacles of their own. On the one side, a sunset that never quite died reasserted itself in the

rosiest of dawns, on the other a moon and an incredible clarity of stars. In the bar as we flew over the Pole, those of the passengers who had survived sleep were arguing and demonstrating, over a solitary orange, how this state of affairs could possibly be. Below us, the pale, glittering serpentine of the ice seams were already growing darker as the negative reversed, until they were inky rivers in the snow. The moon dwindled into gas-lamp proportions and a sun hot enough to burn through the window came up to light the whole fantastic landscape.

By half-past two in the morning, most of the arguments about the moon, the sun and the time had been dissolved in the pink champagne, and we came down over the white, whipped-cream mountains and stubby birch trees of Anchorage, Alaska. For us, it was the end of the night-club hours. So far as the Alaskans were concerned, it was mid-afternoon, but don't ask me which day. Even as we left it after an hour's refuelling stop for Tokio, the sun was beginning to set. ("Oh, not *again*," somebody said.) A second dinner is served on the eight-hour flight from Anchorage to Tokio—if you can take it! My advice to intending passengers who must sleep at some point is to do it then rather than earlier.

Another piece of advice—by which I gratefully profited—is not to alter your watch at all until you reach base. And don't get snarled up with the International Date Line or who does what and to whom, timewise. What it boils down to, simply, is this: You leave London around 8 o'clock one morning, change planes for the DC8C in Copenhagen at noon, and arrive in Tokio the following evening in time for dinner. It is a tribute to the comfort and service provided by S.A.S. that one even found the stamina to explore Tokio a little and dine out in a restaurant, on the evening of arrival there. In fairness, though, I must say that in the DC8s, as in all the big new jets, the difference in comfort and "sleepability" between first class and tourist is considerable. But then so is the price: the return fare London/Tokio is £732 12s. first class, £435 12s. economy. This applies, incidentally, whether on the Polar route or the southern, and next year S.A.S. will have the new Convair "Coronado" jet airliners on this route giving the fastest round-the-world service.



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(above)

**CAPRI**

All interest focused on the hip line, elegantly swathed with a free-swinging panel in front. This afternoon gown is by De Luca of Rome in printed wool from Como—in a variety of colourings; also black romaine.

Sizes 36 to 42 25½ gns

(right)

**TITIAN**

Fanucchi swathes a clear-cut and slender model in wool mixture print. Focal point—inspired draping and the flattering side panel. Predominating shades of blue, new red, soft green or marron.

Hip sizes 36 to 42 29½ gns  
44 31½ gns

(far right)

**BERGAMOT**

Fabulous way to make an elegant exit—a cocktail or short evening gown by Fanucchi, in a magnificent de coupé velvet. Front is simply cut, and the back dramatically draped over a simple black satin sheath. In sapphire blue, ruby red or emerald green on black grounds or all black.

Hip sizes 36 to 42 39½ gns  
44 41½ gns

Three gowns to give you a glimpse of our new Italian Collection—each demonstrating the decisive style and glamour associated with Italian design, and each exclusive to Debenhams. We have chosen models from famous houses such as De Luca and Fanucchi, from which we have made line-for-line copies, thus making available to you the cream of Italian fashion at very moderate prices.

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ORANMORE CASTLE, a medieval stronghold, stands on a promontory overlooking Oranmore Bay. Its owner: Anita Leslie

## THE CASTLE COUNTRY



*Brodrick Haldane describes and photographs a visit to republican Ireland, where he found signs of a cult in castle restoring*

THE LESLIES' ancestral seat lies just over the border in Eire. It is at Glaslough in County Monaghan. A fine house overlooking a placid lake surrounded by magnificent trees—the pride of Sir Shane Leslie, who besides the practice of letters is a learned arborist. Castle Leslie, which replaced an earlier domain dating from the 16th century, was built by Sir John Leslie as recently as 1878. This was a time when the landed gentry made periodic expeditions to Italy to bring back, regardless of size, cost, or inconvenience, whatever happened to take their fancy for the embellishment of their

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

ANITA LESLIE was one of the first to restore an old Galway castle—see above. She is now working on a history book for children, to follow her successful biography of her ancestor Mrs. Fitzherbert



homes. (The pursuit led in due course to the inevitable addition of a new wing or gallery every once in a while.) In these fashionable exploits Sir John was no exception. He provided Castle Leslie with a Florentine cloister; a mass of extraneous ornamental stonework, a fountain, statues, urns, a bedroom suite of elaborately carved wood from a house in Padua, and a strikingly beautiful della Robbia mantelpiece in the drawing-room.

I could have sat listening a long time to Sir Shane's stories of what went on at Castle Leslie in the old days when his grandmother, Lady Constance Leslie, and his mother—one of the three famous Jerome sisters (the eldest of whom became the mother of Sir Winston Churchill)—gathered round them the prominent personalities of their time. The marble pillars of the central hall (copied from the ballroom at Stratford House, the Hutchinson House of today, a former London residence of the family) provided lively after-dinner sport, Sir Shane told me. The men used to see who could climb the highest. I was intrigued to find a secret passage leading from the bottom of a wardrobe in one of the bedrooms. Handy for playing ghostly tricks on unsuspecting visitors, no doubt.

Staying at the castle apart from Sir Shane & his wife—an artist who has evolved a remarkably effective method of painting flowers on pieces of black velvet—were the eldest son of the house, Jackie, who lives in Rome, and Sir Shane's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Desmond Leslie, with Mark, the younger of her two boys. There was also Sir Vincent Jones's daughter, Barbara, a cousin of the family, who lives near Eastbourne. Mrs. Bobo Juarez & her little



## THE CASTLE COUNTRY *concluded*

CASTLE LESLIE, a Victorian notion of fortification, stands close to the site of an earlier domain of the family, who have held land locally since 1600. If it has rather a Scottish air about it, so it should, for some of the stone was brought from Dumfriesshire. Below: Lady Leslie in the drawing-room with Mark, seven-year-old younger son of Sir Shane's second son Desmond (of flying saucer fame). Right: A treasured heirloom is this French clock, once owned by Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted daughter Minney Seymour.



ENTRANCE GATES at Oranmore, provide a leaning rail for Leonie & Tarka Dick (11). They are the children of Anita Leslie and her husband

daughter, Bianca, had not long since left.

Now that Sir Shane spends the greater part of the year in London (he & Lady Leslie are off to New York after Christmas), his son-in-law, Commander Bill King, a wartime submarine ace, runs the estate in addition to farmlands in Meath. He and his talented wife, Anita Leslie,

whose recent life of Mrs. Fitzherbert has been a literary success, divide their time between Castle Leslie and another castle in Galway.

There in 1945 Anita Leslie began to restore the old castle of Oranmore. Reputed to have been built in the 14th century by the Norman family of de Burgos, it had been uninhabited for 300 years before she rescued it from decay. A solid, business-like building, it is a complete contrast to the Victorian fancies of Castle Leslie, which is a castle only in name. I stayed in a room high up in the great tower, looking out across the bay towards the "capital of the west" with its quays and tall warehouses. Far out to sea lie the Aran islands. In stormy weather the castle becomes a breakwater against the Atlantic rollers which beat against the immensely thick lichen-stained walls. Once the windowpanes of the great hall were shattered by the waves, and water flooded the entire ground floor.

"An emerald given to me by my mother paid for the new roof," she explained. And so the restoration work progressed until the castle has become one of the most romantic homes in the west of Ireland.

Incidentally, Anita is now at work on a history book for children. Her 11-year-old son and





BIRTHDAY PICTURE of Sir Shane Leslie, Bt., (right). He was 75 the day it was taken at Castle Leslie. The Leslies also have a London home but always spend part of the year in Co. Monaghan. Below: Another well-known relation is Mrs. Clare Sheridan, authoress and sculptress, who is a cousin of Sir Shane. She lives nearby at Castleblayney



Lord French's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Agnew.

Back in Monaghan I drove to Hope Castle, to see Sir Shane Leslie's cousin, Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the writer and sculptress, who now lives in a little house by the castle gates, overlooking Lough Muckno. In a bookcase in the room where she was painting when I arrived were the volumes of the famous diaries which she has kept all her life. For some time now she has been writing a new volume of her reminiscences. Clare Sheridan has lived and worked in a greater variety of homes in more countries than anyone I ever knew. After World War I she made a controversial journey to Moscow to sculpt the Bolshevik leaders. "What will become of my precious diaries after my time," she asked.



Mr. Lionel Hamilton-Renwick has been in Galway to paint Lord & Lady Hemphill on their hunters at Tulira

nine-year-old daughter, Leonie, are taking an active interest in it. While we were in Monaghan the King children were installed with their governess in a thatched roof cottage close to Oranmore Castle, which the family use as an alternative residence.

Photographically I am a great collector of castles and in Galway the possibilities seemed limitless. The square towers of these miniature strongholds punctuate the horizon in every direction. Oranmore is by no means the first of these medieval keeps to be made habitable, for the castle-restoring cult has been going on fairly steadily in the "magic west" off and on. For a time Augustus John had his eye on a roofless ruin of infinite charm close to Lough Corrib. Now Christabel Lady Ampthill has lately bought a fairy-tale fortress screened by an immense curtain wall, which stands on a mound overlooking the sea at Kinvarra. Unfortunately its new chatelaine was away but, undaunted by torrential rain (and a notice with KEEP OUT in large letters), I ventured inside the courtyard.

Lady Ampthill is certainly doing a fine job. She has ingeniously connected the gatehouse, an architectural gem in itself, with the main tower. Before her castle was habitable she stayed at nearby Kilcolgan Castle, home of

#### POSTSCRIPT ON PEOPLE:

In Galway I met at Craughwell Mr. Paddy Pickersgill & his wife. He is joint-Master of the Galway Blazers with John Huston (now in Nevada filming Arthur Miller's, *The Misfits*). Also paying a flying visit to the neighbourhood was the horse portraitist, Lionel Hamilton-Renwick. He had been painting Lord & Lady Hemphill on their hunters in the park at Tulira, and the King children at Oranmore. He is at work now on a picture of the Princess Royal's "Red Dragon", who won the £10,000 Vaux Gold Tankard at Redcar this summer.

Nowadays during the hunting season the American invasion of Galway is on the increase, for Shannon is only a matter of a few hours' jet flight from New York and the Galway Blazers country is within easy motoring distance of the airport. One hears of Americans who dine in New York, breakfast at Shannon and are out hunting that morning. . . .







*A feeling that comes over every Christmas shopper. Resting on a handy seat: Mrs. E. A. Nibbs*

# Buy early for Christmas



*The Victory Ex-Services' Fund had a miscellaneous stall, which was manned by Countess Attlee*



*There was a fashion show as a break from shopping. In the front row (from right): Mrs. A. Chroemi, Lady Dashwood, Mrs. A. Kinsman & Lady Melchett. Mrs. Nigel Campbell described the Dior clothes*



*Arrival at Grosvenor House of the Fair's patron, the Duchess of Gloucester, who is welcomed by the chairman, Lady Aberdare, and the Mayor of Westminster, Councillor Robert Everest. The organizer was Mrs. C. Gabriel*



*One of the numerous raffles was conducted for the British Sailors' Society by Miss G. Hope Mason*



*Convent girls came with Sister Xavier (right) from St. Lawrence's School, near Tonbridge*



*Crowds of people did at the United Charities' Fair at Grosvenor House, a joint effort by no fewer than 16 organizations*

*Tea and recuperation: a picture that could have been taken at almost every Christmas fair that ever was*







*Mr. David Bailey and Miss Sarah Clifford Turner, whose mother gave one of the dance dinner parties*



*The Hon. Susan Scott Ellis and Mr. David Buchan of Auchmacoy had become engaged that morning*



*Miss Carolyn Hunter, Miss Sally Hunter and their younger sister Miss Sunya Hunter*



*The party, given by Mr. & Mrs. A. N. Hunter, celebrated Carolyn's début and Sally's coming-of-age*

## A COMING-OUT & A COMING-OF-AGE

*Miss Sally Hunter and her sister Carolyn shared a double celebration at the Hyde Park Hotel*



*Mr. Hamish Stuart Black and Miss Caroline Coles*



*Lord & Lady Stamp arriving for the dance*



*Miss Clarissa Merton and Mr. Jeremy Edcards*



*Mr. & Mrs. John Daskwood and Mr. Robin Napier*





# Now watch **IKE AND JACK** tread water

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AN ELECTION AFTERTHOUGHT BY CLAUD COCKBURN

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**A**RE you one of those ten or twenty million people who find that current road and rail conditions leave just a little something to be desired? Then you might care to give yourself that tiny extra shot of gloom by reflecting that for the next few months the entire world is going to be living in a state of bothered instability resulting from traffic conditions prevailing in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. It is roughly three months between the election of a new President of the United States and the moment when this President-elect can actually lower his authoritative limbs into the seat just vacated by his predecessor. He is elected by the people in November, elected by the Electoral College in December, and is finally permitted to function as President in late January. In the interim the outgoing President has long since vacated all power and authority.

The whole business of this gap may well seem utter unintelligible and even ludicrous to the modern observer. Because the "image" of the United States which has got itself projected to the rest of the world is one of the ultimate in streamlined modernity, people forget that much of what goes on there is more closely hatched into the 18th century than most of what goes on in supposedly traditional Britain. They would hardly credit that the land of east-to-coast motorways is still attuned politically to the rugged, rutted, flowed-over and snowed under highways of the early Republic.

Yet these were the original reason (and remain the only one today) why after the six-month close season while the election is pending a further protracted presidential shutdown follows after the election is decided. For an awful lot of people have to get to Washington to be on hand for the distribution of patronage, and on the old roads the journey from the sticks took time. But if you wanted a job for yourself or if you wanted one for uncle or auntie in the Post Office back in northern Ohio you just had to be on the spot when the new man positively moved in.

So the gap between election and take-over was arranged to give the faithful time to get there. The consequences, in the age of the jet-plane and helicopter, are to say the least of it bizarre. Because travel was slow in 1800 we are going, in the winter of 1960-1961 to witness the

spectacle of one of the two most powerful states in the world doing nothing much but mark time, tread water and wait for spring.

You may have heard the popular Democratic dirty crack about the Presidency, used a good deal during the recent election time. Lincoln they said, proved that a poor man could be President. Roosevelt proved that a rich man could be President. Truman proved anyone could be President. Eisenhower proved the country doesn't have to have a President at all. Cracks aside, it is solid fact that once every four years the United States actually does have to do without anything but a political zombie in the White House for several months.

In the very early days of the Republic there were some vocal characters who suggested that things could be eased—after all there were only a few States then—by having the capital city in a nice town like Philadelphia (where the whole business of this abrupt and distinctly premature attempt to "liquidate" the British Empire was actually organized). Passionate revolutionaries though they were, or at least seemed to George III and Lord North, the Americans (the Ghanaians, if one may say, of their day) did not relish that notion. For they knew about "mobs." They had even organized mobs. And, as Anatole France pointed out in his best—and least appreciated—book *M. Bergeret a Paris*, when a revolutionary gets to power the first thing he knows he has to do is to deal with potential revolutionaries.

Which is why it was decided that the capital of the new United States simply could not be established in a city like Philadelphia where, as had been amply demonstrated, mobs existed. First thing you knew, those same mobs which had been so agreeably, so patriotically effective against the British, were going to be exercising pressure on the new Government of the United States. The chiefs of the new regime saw no reason why, so to say, their Trafalgar Square should be within marching, let alone screaming, distance of Whitehall and the Houses of Parliament. So they chose the then almost inaccessible city of Washington. The most determined of pre-Aldermaston marchers would have had a problem trekking with banner and plea from Philadelphia to that distant mud-heap by the Potomac.

There, waiting for boyo, President Eisenhower continues to sit at the big desk. But sit is about all he can actually do. Nobody is looking to him or hearkening to him. They are all looking to and hearkening to the man who is going to be there in March. The nominal President will be gone when winter goes, so that the normal rebelliousness of Congressmen and Senators is now uninhibited by fear of executive retaliation. All that inhibits them is doubts about the new man's attitude to this or that shennanigan. And one thing that is certain is that the new man is not going to split a gut, as the saying goes, to make the incumbent look anything but expendable. The new man—of whatever party—wants to move in on inauguration day looking like the promise of a new dawn. He is not going to get himself tagged with the liabilities of the outgoing tenant.

Nor does the shadow in the White House have in his hand the immense, ultimately decisive weapon of patronage. People who want the job of town dog-catcher in Heavenville, Alabama, or hope to get Presidential backing for a little scheme by which, strictly in the national interest, they will nett 10,000,000 dollars on an armament contract, are not bothering with Mr. Zombie. They are cultivating Mr. New.

And the same applies to that vast complex of interests—sometimes united, more often in a state of internecine conflict—collectively known as the Pentagon. People, and they include a number of high-placed American thinkers, who worry somewhat about the Pentagon's view of itself as virtually an autonomous state, endowed also with wisdom highly superior to that of the elected representatives of the American people, will have cause to worry more than ever during the months immediately to come.

There is, perhaps, reason for alarm. On the other hand, one does not need too-rosy spectacles to observe that just possibly a situation in which almost everyone is frozen into a state of expectant immobility could in truth provide the world with a much needed injection of tranquillizer. Indeed, if only the Soviet system were based on traffic conditions in the Russia of 150 years ago (or even 50 years ago), we might well feel that we were in for an unusually mild and clement winter.



**Caroline Edwards** works for interior decorators Sybil Colefax & John Fowler Ltd. The job is secretarial, but she finds that working with old furniture, glass and books, and showing visitors round the shop makes a normally run-of-the-mill job stimulating. The almost life-size Nubian slave welcomes customers at the door of the shop and showrooms in Brook Street

*Every boom has its side-effect, and one of the unexpected bonuses of the demand for fine arts is a new career for girls who want something more glamorous than typewriting but less commonplace than modelling. Not that there isn't plenty to be said for air-hostessing, TV chores and PR frolics, but in the present state of the market there's . . .*



# Nothing so as MODERN ANTIQUES

**Judy Bush & Mary Morgan** (right) work in the Knightsbridge showrooms of design consultant John Siddeley who often uses antique furniture for contemporary interior settings. Miss Bush is his secretary, and Miss Morgan an assistant—she started off in advertising and first met Mr. Siddeley when he did the décor for her deb dance. Both girls act chiefly as receptionists but they may be called on to do anything from making the tea to taking cuttings of chintz round to clients' flats. Lovice de Ullein Reviczky and Priscilla Newman (middle right) are photographed with an 18th-century Meissen altar set at the Antique Porcelain Company in Bond Street. Their job is to guide people around the maze of glass cases there, whose contents are valued at many thousands of pounds. Though previously untrained, both the girls find that they are learning plenty about china and porcelain as they go along







**Sarah Drummond** and her sister Philippa (*right*) both work among pictures. Sarah, the younger, is a secret cum-receptionist at the New London Gallery in Bond Street, which shows the work of contemporary painters. She also spends some of her time across the road at the Marlborough Gallery—run by the same firm, which has mostly Impressionist and German paintings. Miss Drummond studied the history of art in Paris, but finds her job a better way of learning it. The sculpture is a Degas bronze. Philippa Drummond has been working for more than a year as a secretary to the vice-chairman of Christies, who controls the picture department. Besides office work, she talks to visitors to the Great Rooms, where pictures are hung in the week preceding a sale, and on occasional trips to London or country houses where negotiations are made. She finds this fascinating, but says women never become valuers at Christies.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
TOM HUSTLER

**Diana Scarisbrick**, silhouetted (*centre*) and her partner Alan Bate (*top*) started an interior decorating business and antique shop in Mount Street two years ago. Before that antiques had only been a hobby with Mrs. Scarisbrick, though her partner had some ten years' experience. They have successfully



concentrated on traditional décor and are now hoping to expand, having been joined by Mr. Frank Hill, the third figure in the picture





**Lydia Penvern** is French. She came here in 1954 to train as a nurse, but had always been interested in the arts. Eighteen months ago she went to work in Olivia Jackson's shop in Church Street, Kensington, to learn the job. Result: she now runs the shop almost entirely on her own, doing book-keeping, and buying and selling the shop's specialities: Continental and English porcelain and English glass. She sells furniture too but only small pieces as the shop is tiny

Nothing so **MODERN** as *ANTIQUES* *concluded*

**Josephine Short** is secretary to the directors of Sparks in Mount Street, who deal solely in Chinese furniture, carpets and *objets d'art*. Miss Short has been learning her job for six years and though she had worked with antiques before going to Sparks she says one never really finishes learning about Chinese fine art. Part of her job is to show clients round the gallery, which is divided by archways and curtains into different settings for the various pieces. Customers see the pieces as they would in their own homes





*Mr. & Mrs. Champion de Crespigny with Miss Cherry Burness, one of the bridesmaids. Below: Mr. Henry Mereweather and Miss Juliet Glasbrook*



## UNITED NATIONS UNION

PHOTOGRAPHS:  
A. V. S. EBBE



*Mr. Philip Darwin and his sister, Jane, looking at a 1680 wrought-iron screen. Below: Mr. Coventry Woodhouse, Master of the Grocers' Company, and Mrs. L. R. Dent, wife of a former Master*



*Mr. Douglas Hurd, son of Sir Anthony Hurd, M.P., & Lady Hurd, met Miss Tatiana Eyre, daughter of Mr. Benedict Eyre, & the late Mrs. E. Eyre, in New York. He was secretary to Sir Pierson Dixon, then U.K. delegate to U.N. (now Ambassador to France). She was social secretary to Lady Dixon*



*The wedding was at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, and the reception at Grocers' Hall, where (above) a cwt. of sugar is traditionally given to daughters of Members at their wedding. With the bride and groom is Clare Todd*



Mary Macpherson:

# THE SECRET SERVICE THAT ONLY A WOMAN KNOWS



Now that espionage has been taken over by rockets with cameras in their noses and skilfully trained dogs peering intelligently down from sputniks, the job has lost its glamour. It is no longer, alas, a matter of suave glances across the hock glasses, or negligées on the Chancellery chaise-longue. The Beautiful Female Spy, like all women trained for a career that has folded up on them, has presumably fallen back on marriage.

Just in case she thinks she can now relax into docile domesticity, she should take a sharp look at the life of career housewives. Because to be a first-class housewife nowadays one *needs* the skill, stamina, cunning and ruthlessness of a secret agent. In fact it is possible that the Beautiful Female Spy may find housekeeping a tremulous affair after the comparatively placid waters of plan-stealing, seduction, and a little svelte judo on the side.

Take Codes, for instance. It must be frustrat-

ing for the woman who was able to pass back to headquarters such definite messages as *"The invasion is scheduled for the first Wednesday after Harvest Festival"* or *"I have certain information that the call to arms will be broadcast as soon as the messenger returns from the hills"* to come up against such intricate and talented security measures as those practised by dry-cleaners, laundries, and the man who pretends he is coming to mend your television. Their information service has been ingeniously developed through years of careful experiment. I don't know how it is in Russia, but if Mr. Krushchev really wants to know how a first-class secret service works, he should try getting his shirts back on the day he thought he was going to.

There is a deceptive code on this subject, and though it is intricate enough to distress Playfair himself, most wives of more than three weeks' standing begin to get an inkling. *"Twenty-four hour service . . . just under the week, madam . . . that'll take a good week . . . of course, it's holiday time, you know . . . we're a bit short-handed at the moment . . . I'll see if I can hurry it through for you. . . ."* All this means absolutely nothing at all, except that if you wanted it back for your party/the weekend/your wedding, you're out of luck. One of the more subtle phrases is our old nodding acquaintance *"EXPRESS DELIVERY."* When brought down to essentials this means you pay 2s. 6d. extra, and may well remember what the garment looks like when the time comes round to collect it.

Shops are almost as professional as laundries at the Cipher Game. *"Come quickly, Marie—doesn't madam look wonderful in this model gown straight from Paris?"* is easily broken down by the veteran. She intercepts the message flashing across the fitting-room as: *"Watch it girl—it looks like we're getting rid of the brown crêpe at last."* Something more advanced is used by people who work on haberdashery counters, which for some reason are as concentrated a hotbed of cipher clerks as to make Lisbon during the war sound like *"Listen with Mother."* It is seldom that these experts care to admit to stocking anything, even if it is advertised in foot-high letters two inches from their ear, and they vary their denial in many subtle ways.

Thus *"Plastic curtain wire?—second floor, madam"* means, when decoded by the cognoscenti, *"By the time you've been sent back by the second floor I'll be off on my tea break, ho, ho"*; while *"I'm afraid we only have the expensive brand"* is haberdasherese for *"And judging by appearances, you certainly can't afford it."*

With her trained mind the Female Spy can read the Plans of the Fort at a glance, and see at once that the atom scientist can be rescued merely by emerging through a manhole into the passage behind the guardroom, and gaining access to the suite where he is imprisoned by means of the service lift. However, her trained mind may well seize up on her when it comes to

following the instructions for the labour-saving gadgets in her kitchen. How easy it all seems on television: *"Make Washday fun-day . . . beat your eggs the space-age way. . . . Does your kitchen think for you? . . ."* If it does it's got some pretty rebellious thoughts ticking through its dials, and one of them is a sort of curt amazement at the way in which manufacturers change their tone as soon as their equipment has gained the haven of your kitchen. No more talk of fun-day then. In eight cases out of ten the instructions are so utterly beyond anyone's comprehension and so dotted with warnings that the sole impression I gain is that the machine is only waiting for a tiny relaxation of concentration to suck in the housewife and spit her out again ten minutes later, ironing-dry. So fraught with hidden menace is their tone that I am only surprised they do not end *"Memorize these instructions and burn after reading."* And as far as I am concerned the manufacturers might as well hand me a steaming hot cup of instant panic and be done with it.

I always admire the splendidly forthright way in which female spies identify fellow-agents, merely by asking for a light and exchanging such commonplace phrases as *"The salmon are running in Tobermory tonight"*—(countersign) *"But the deer are quiet in the glens."* However, when it comes to identifying the man you spoke to in Soft Furnishings yesterday on the telephone, you are up against evasive talent on a far higher level. Put a man in the Soft Furnishing Department of any large store and he at once becomes as nervous as a mosquito: he is aware that to give his name to a customer instantly places him in her power, and makes him responsible, in her eyes, for the 15 yards of Italian velvet eternally on its sluggish journey from Milan. He therefore takes the obvious undercover way out, and prefers to be known by a number, which as far as I can make out he changes as and when the mood takes him, but particularly when danger—in the form of an irritably impatient customer—lurks.

Some women have become adroit at this game and can, by merely spending a whole morning and a fortune in telephone calls, track down the number they first heard of. Personally I suspect that any woman who attempts this exploit, and succeeds, is on a post-graduate course from M.I.5.

But possibly the most devastating difference between the Beautiful Female Spy's old career and her new housewife one is that hair-raising deeds of incredible skill and courage will be regarded as all in the day's work. Exploits that would once have earned her at least a gruff word of praise from a shadowy figure will now go unrecognized. Consummate bravery in the face of the greengrocer (*"I don't want that bruised one"*) will be taken for granted, and devotion to fellow human beings above and beyond the call of duty (*"No, this lady was before me"*) will bring no more than a scornful glance.

And nobody will offer to pay her danger money.

RING

J. BETJEMAN

43 FOR

MR

BETJEMAN

With his enthusiasm for Gothic railway stations, country churches, and quiz games, Mr John Betjeman is an engaging ornament of the English scene. His autobiography, due out on Monday, is written in verse, which is just what might have been expected of him. Much of it, like his fast-selling recent volume of *Collected Poems* (considered engaging or execrable, according to taste) was composed in the City hideaway photographed here by MARK GERSON. The book is called *Summoned By Bells*, which may have been suggested by the belfry across the street from his study. A perceptive appreciation of this enigmatic poet is contributed by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES





RING  
FOR  
MR  
BETJEMAN

*continued*



“ Sweet smell of cements and of cold wet stones,  
Hassock and cassock, paraffin and petrol  
Green in a light which that sublime Burne Jones  
White-hot and wondering from the glass-kitchen drew . . . ”



A PART from Byron—whose charm was altogether more satanic—it is hard to think of an English poet who has exercised more popular personal magic than Mr. John Betjeman. Everyone now knows that he talks with a sort of gentle glitter sometimes sparked with equally gentle malice; feels passionately about architecture, the Gothic revival, the suburbs, Cornwall and churches; is a devout and articulate High Churchman; lives in Wantage (the teashop and parties for the children in the barn) and Cloth Fair, City (view of St. Bartholomew the Great, Victorian street lamp, decayed staircase, Morris wallpaper, early Gerald Kelly and non-stop telephoning). His cigarette-holder is known; his bicycle with the sensible basket on the handlebars is known; his high, rather startling laugh is known; the nostalgic emotion aroused in him by the thought of big tennis-girls in Surrey can never be forgotten. What is most important is that his *Collected Poems* are known, and widely. He has now written a poem-autobiography, *Summoned by Bells*, and that is likely to be a best-seller, too.

The Betjeman Act may be eccentric, consciously quaint and even wilful, but at heart he is clearly a deeply serious, inquiring, and fantastically well-informed man, with a seeking, loving curiosity about places and people. He has put road names, place names, coffee-shop names and the names of branded goods into poems because they are passionately evocative and explain things about the pattern of English society he is anxious shall not be forgotten. Where he mocks, he often deeply loves. What he knows—the background of his own childhood, the places and the domestic pre-war pattern of life that made him—he knows with poignant clarity and real depth, and his best poems have overtones of memory, sharp enough for pain, that go on sounding in the head like the bells he writes about again and again.

He reviews books, appears in quiz-games, lectures, has led us around stately homes on television. The beautiful lucid prose, the serious scholarship and the loving intent in *First and Last Loves* alone is enough to explode the myth of the dear funny card who is mad about Cannon Street station.

I think he is perhaps altogether a tougher proposition than the popular image suggests. When one remembers Miss J. Hunter Dunn and the Betjemanish jokes about beefy A.T.S. without their hats (not to mention one of the most mysterious, idiosyncratic and haunting lines in English verse—*While Tranter Reuben, Mary Borden, Brian Howard and Harold Acton lie in Mellstock Churchyard now*) it should not be forgotten that there is a darker element in his poetry, where you find fear, pain, disgust, even a kind of morbidity. It runs alongside the tenderness for seaside holidays and flannel-dances and the agonies of adolescence. There is something mysterious about his personality, and the obsessions that drive him, that may always elude us. The charm is by no means all.



## LORD KILBRACKEN:

## What's in a name

KILBRACKEN is the name of a green hill in Leitrim, two miles from Killegar, inhabited only by the Crowes, who live in a square white house on the top of the hill, and by the McGoohans, who live in a similar white house at the foot of the hill, on the main road—if it can really be called main—from Killeshandra to Carrigallen. The Crowes deal in horses, and are clever and successful breeders of pure bred Hereford cattle; the McGoohans, as well as being farmers, have the Kilbracken Post Office, which is a not-very-general store as well. The population of Kilbracken is about seven.

Kilbracken is also the name of one of the houses at Rugby School (of which my son, Christopher, is not accidentally a member). It is furthermore *my* name. I find it intriguing to trace the connections between this heterogeneous trio—the Irish hill, the Rugby house, and me—which have led to this exact identity of nomenclature.

I was plain John Godley for the first 30 of my 40 years. Godley is a town in Cheshire; I have never been there, but I believe it is quite an important railway junction, and I happen to know that it was once the home of a large soap factory, whose inevitable slogan was "Cleanliness Is Next To Godleyness." It was also the country headquarters of Walls' Ice Cream, whose Stop-Me-And-Buy-One tricycles used to bear, in my childhood, the legend *London and Godley*—which gave me a quasi-proprietary interest in them. I was certainly a faithful patron. And Godley was furthermore the home, in the time of Magna Carta, of my earliest progenitors.

In those days it was spelt "Godelegh", which has nothing to do with godliness, but means God's lea ("a tract of open ground, esp. grassland") and the local bigwigs, my antecedents, called themselves de Godelegh. In 1299, I've ascertained, Robert de Godelegh, son of Henry de Godelegh, purchased land there from his brother William. Twenty years later, they seem to have moved *en masse* to Yorkshire, where they eventually became eminent cloth-dressers, and modernized the spelling to Godley, which gave

the family name its misleadingly pious flavour (though there *have* been Reverend Godleys).

From Yorkshire, a black sheep of the family came to Ireland in the 17th century; he had been disinherited for some unknown indiscretion, but made good, and his son was Sheriff of Dublin. I don't know what happened to the Yorkshire Godleys, but *we've* been in Ireland ever since, and will probably be Irish in another seven generations.

When my grandfather was ennobled, on the recommendation of the Liberal Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, just 50 years ago, it would have been in the tradition of ennobled Liberals to retain his surname as his title, as is still the practice today among newly-created Labour peers (and even some Conservatives). Grandpapa's case, however, was a special one, because he felt that it would be altogether too messianic, Liberal or not, to call himself Lord Godley. So he began looking round for something else.

Among the local place-names which he actively considered were Killegar itself, Laheen (which I would rather have liked), Drumergoul, and even Killeshandra, but he had a special reason for his eventual choice, apart from the euphonious alliteration of "Kilbracken of Killegar." At luncheon when he was "little more than a boy," he has recorded, the conversation had turned on the local place-names, and "it was remarked how few of them [*with this I cannot agree*] were pleasant to the ear." Kilbracken, however, was mentioned as an exception, whereupon an uncle, whom grandpapa particularly disliked and who had filched a large part of his inheritance from him, said to tease him: "*Whenever Arthur is made a peer, he will have to take it as a title.*"

Everyone had laughed at the impossible thought of little Arthur ever achieving the British House of Lords, and my grandfather never forgot this. The hated uncle was still alive (and still a nobody) in 1910; and little Arthur happily took the advice which he had facetiously given him 40 years earlier.

Spelling is not, even now, completely standardized in rural Ireland, and the notice

outside the McGoohans' Post Office still spells it "Killbracken," though *my* way is officially correct. All the same, the McGoohans' version comes closer to being an exact transliteration from the Irish, in which language I am Sean Gillbhreachain. The *bhreachain* bit, as I understand it, means *dappled* or *speckled*; it is associated with *brack*—the delicious home-made bread. *Gill* runs a close second to *bally*—a corruption of *baile*, meaning town—as the most frequent prefix in the Irish countryside: it means *church*, and the whole name, Gillbhreachain, therefore means the speckled church—though there is now no church at Kilbracken at all, R.C. or Protestant, speckled or spotless.

Grandpapa, the first Lord of the Speckled Church, had some special interests, none of them speckled at all, and one of these was Rugby, where he had reached Sixth Form before he was 16 and had therefore, a most inevitably, been Head of the School before he left. (He has recorded also that he "*would certainly have been in the Fifteen if it had then existed*," and he achieved the school cricket XI, besides playing racquets, fives and bat-fives—whatever bat-fives may be—"with a good deal of success.") He maintained his connections with the school and became a Governor; finally, in 1902, he was elected chairman of the Governing Body, which is as high as anyone can go in the Rugbeian hierarchy.

His former tutor, Evans, found himself a member of the Body under him, which grandpapa has called "a curious inversion of our respective parts."

And so it happened that his services were rewarded by naming a house after him when the opportunity arose. It would have been Godley House but for the constitutional difficulties of Mr. Asquith in 1909. Instead it took its name, at only one remove, from the empty green hill in Leitrim where the Crowes rear their Herefords and the McGoohans sell stamps and soda-bread: as far as a cry as possible, I should imagine, from the scholastic, red-brick orderliness of urban Warwickshire.



# What's **FRESH** *in furs*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN EALES

No new animals but a new approach, with a good many old friends making effective reappearances. Cases in point: **Beaver**, shorn and bleached to palest champagne and now rated the warmest and most flattering fur for day; **Sable**, out to oust mink for chic in the view of a discriminating minority; **White ermine**, breaking free from a court-bound Edwardian childhood to become a sought-after new season's debutante. What's fresh in trimmings is the use of contrasting skins. What's fresh in the picture above is the enormous brim of face-framing silver-grey fox on a hat with a high crown of silver-grey ruched satin by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason. Necklace of grey tinted crystals from Presents, Dover Street: 12 gns.



## What's **FRESH** in furs CONTINUED



**L**EOPARD coats, to be remarkable, must be made of perfectly matched, strikingly marked and well-coloured skins—a combination that has never been achieved by artificial means. The superb greatcoat (above) by Deansfield Furs of Grafton Street, W.1, is ideally suited for country wear, the coat is double-breasted and has a half-belt at the back

**S**EALSKIN dyed a dark copper-bronze makes a soft-as-thistledown, sumptuously warm greatcoat. The collar is made of blended sables in a style reminiscent of Czarist splendour. Their deep markings tone perfectly with the sealskin. Coat by Maxwell Croft of New Bond Street, priced 595 gns. Capeskin gloves in copper bronze by Morleys in Pittards leather





## COATS WITH CONFIDENCE

**P**ERSIAN lamb (from South-West Africa) dyed to a rich shade of copper-bronze makes this casual three-quarter length coat tied with a self belt. The wide neckline is filled with a cravat of pastel mink. Coat and cravat are from the National Fur Company, Brompton Road, S.W.3, prices: £335 & 20 gns. Matching capeskin gloves by Morleys in Pittards leather

**U**NLESS an otter is hard-wearing, warm, confident in rain and so well suited to the country. It has the additional advantage of rarity so far as coats are concerned since it is one of the few furs seen today in their natural state. This one is single-breasted and has a half-belt. It is made by Albert Hart of Curzon Street, W.1, and the price is 385 gns.







**R**USSIAN broadtail styled in the height of fashion (opposite page) with a straight wrap-around front and casual bloused back cut in one with the bat-wing sleeves that are cuffed at the elbow. Made of fine silky black skins, the coat, in line with the trend of the moment, has an opulent collar of rich brown sable. Exclusive to Deanfield, Grafton Street, W.1

## COATS THAT COMPLIMENT

**B**LACK seal designed for a woman with the courage to be different. The redingote zips from the hem to the neck and is flamboyantly trimmed with black fox—an unusual but entirely successful combination. An S. London of Sloane Street model, it costs £365. The four-strand necklace of baroque pearls from Presents, Dover Street, price: 4 gns. Black fox-trimmed hat of black velvet by Otto Lucas at Debenham & Freebody

## What's **FRESH** in furs CONTINUED

**B**EAVER bleached to pale champagne, soft and pliable as velvet, makes a luxurious greatcoat which does great things for a blonde. Single-breasted with turn-up three-quarter sleeves, the coat has a collar of toning EMBA Tourmaline mink that makes it essentially Winter 1960. Another S. London of Sloane Street model, this one costs £480







**W**HITE ermine, long a favourite for regal court robes, is returning to fashion. The suppleness of the skins and the "flatness" of the fur makes it specially suitable for interpreting the casual modern line as exemplified (opposite) in the evening jacket by Bradleys of Wigmore Street, W.1. It has a deep neckline ending in long shawl ends trimmed with a black looped fringe. Gill and aquamarine bracelet from Presents, Dover Street, W.1, price: 15 gns.

## What's **FRESH** in furs CONCLUDED

**S**ABLE, beloved by the Imperial Russian Court, is the fur of the season. Its opulent luxury, lightness and the rich lustre of the skins make it the most glamorous of furs. The jacket (below) from the National Fur Company, Brompton Road, S.W.3, costs £575. The eye-catching hat is of peacock blue and green velvet ribbons swathed with blue veiling. It was designed by Peter Shepherd at Woollands, Knightsbridge



**B**LENDED Canadian sables, richly lusted and deeply coloured, are worked horizontally in this magnificent coat made by Maxwell Croft of New Bond Street. A band of sable edges the coat and sweeps in an unbroken line to form the hem. Wide kimono sleeves stop just short of the wristline. Price: 695 gns. Gloves by Morley in Pittard's beige suède

COATS (& jackets) IMPERIAL







PRISCILLA CONTRAN

## New touches for Christmas

SIMPLE DESIGNS FROM SCANDINAVIA SCORE heavily among this year's selection of Christmas decorations, making an effective contrast with more colourful and ornate offerings. Craftsman-made in straw and wood, they follow the same clean and unfussy lines of the Scandinavian furniture, glass and china now so popular over here. New, too, are ready-to-take-away table decorations (*see right*) that can save a good deal of trouble and effort in the final Christmas rush. Besides the examples shown there is also a wide selection of hand-made arrangements at Constance Spry in South Audley Street—ready from the end of this month.

**New torches from Scandinavia** (opposite page) include: Cone mobile from Denmark of rings and straw and paper ships. 44s. 6d. at Ostmo, 23 New Bebb Street, W.1. *On wall*: Globe of paper rings in blue or other colours, 4s. 6d.; wooden stars with white thread spun between their points, 2s. 6d. for one large, or two small ones; also Danish-made from Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Gold metal foil star, 3s.; ring of decreasing circles of gold foil, 9d.; both Swedish from Heals, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. Straw ring with straw bird and flowers (could be decorated with red ribbon and holly for the door or under the light), 10s. 6d.; straw star, 5s. 6d.; both Swedish from Woollands, Knightsbridge.

*On table*: Traditional wooden Christmas tree from Sweden, decorated with cocks and seven candles, 40s. 6d., red candles 9s. per box of 12, from Ostmo. Swedish straw angel, 10s. 6d., from Woollands. Swedish gold foil bells on thin stems, 1s. 6d. each from Heals. Pig candle-holder in blue pottery with white and red design, also from Sweden, 8s. 6d., candle 10d., from Eva Hauser, 281a Finchley Road, N.W.3.

Finnish cross of wood and wood shavings, in various sizes, 5s. to 15s., from Finnish Designs, 2 Norris Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Danish cock of red and blue painted wood with a curled straw tail, 29s. 6d. from Woollands (also other colours). Gold foil ball from Sweden, 1s. 9d. at Heals. Red and green circlets of paper shaped into leaves and flowers for tree or table decoration from Denmark, set of six 2 gns., from Woollands (also other colours).

*Minette Shepard*



*New idea with a double application—a Mexican pineapple candle in yellow with green leaves that can be used either as a candlestick or as a centre-piece by placing on a pretty dish with other decorations. Price 10 gns. a pair from John Cavanagh Boutique, Curzon Street, W.1. There's no danger of spilled wax, the candle is non-drip*



*New setting for Christmas roses, nuts and fruit arranged in a flat glass plate. The candle in the centre stands in a small hidden "dip" glass bowl. Glass plate, 25s., bowl, 7s. 6d., fruit and flower decoration, 3 gns. from Presents, Dover Street, W.1. Bonus here is that the plate and glass bowl could still be useful long after Christmas*



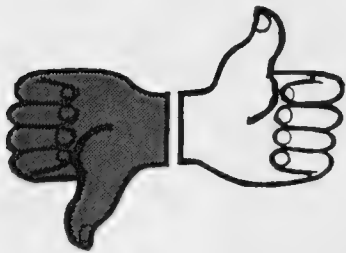
DON JARVIS

*New time-saver—an arrangement of Christmas roses in a vase of green pottery shaped as a wistful face. From Presents of Dover Street, who have a wide variety of table decorations. This arrangement costs £7 19s. 6d. but others can be done to order. Cheaper flowers could be used. Vase costs 10 gns.*



*New for a Christmas table decoration—a tree of pine needles, cones, artificial fruits, glittering gold stars and red ribbon. The base is of wicker and is also decorated with red ribbon. £5 17s. 6d. from the General Trading Company, Grantham Place, W.1. The tree stands about 3 ft. high*





### The play

**Toys In The Attic.** Piccadilly Theatre. (Wendy Hiller, Diana Wynyard, Coral Browne, Ian Bannen.)

### The films

**Blitz On Britain.** Directed by Harry Booth.

**G.I. Blues.** Director Norman Taurog. (Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse, Robert Ivers.)

**Suspect.** Director Roy Boulting.

(Tony Britton, Peter Cushing, Virginia Maskell, Ian Bannen.)

**Carthage In Flames.** Director Carmine Gallone. (Anne Heywood, Jose Suarez, Pierre Brasseur, Daniel Gelin.)

**Black Nets.** Director Manao Horiuchi. (Minoru Ohki, Kyoko Izumi, Akira Ishihama.)

### The books

**Pomp & Circumstance,** by Noël Coward. (Heinemann, 18s.)

**Madeleine, Young Wife,** by Mrs. Robert Henry. (Dent, 21s.)

**Russia For Beginners,** by Ronald Searle & Alex Atkinson.

(Perpetua, 21s.)

**The Infernal World Of Branwell Brontë,** by Daphne du Maurier. (Gollancz, 21s.)

**A Version Of The Truth,** by Nicholas Bentley. (Deutsch, 16s.)

**French Provincial Cooking,** by Elizabeth David. (Michael Joseph, 35s.)

**The Lotus & The Robot,** by Arthur Koestler. (Hutchinson, 25s.)

**La Vie Anglaise,** by Tony Meyer, Tr. Christopher Sykes. (Gollancz, 15s.)

**Frame For Julian,** by Yvonne Mitchell. (Hutchinson, 15s.)

**Operation Elvis,** by Alan Levy. (Deutsch, 10s. 6d.)

### The records

**The Greatest Trumpet Of Them All,** by Dizzy Gillespie.

**Bean Bags,** by Coleman Hawkins & Milt Jackson.

**A Billie Holiday Memorial.**

**Basie's Basement and Dance Along With Basie,** by Count Basie.

**Cannonball's Sharpshooters,** by Julian "Cannonball" Adderley.

### The galleries

**Georges Mathieu.** New London Gallery.

**The Mysterious Sign.** Institute Of Contemporary Arts.

# VERDICTS

## THEATRE

Anthony Cookman

### A trip around the ward

ACCLAIMED BY THE NEW YORK critics, Miss Lillian Hellman's **Toys In The Attic** was a Broadway success; but presented at the Piccadilly by an accomplished English company it makes only a middling impression. It is, maybe, one of the plays like, say, *The Playboy Of The Western World*, which obstinately resists any but native interpretation. Anyway, in exceedingly skilful English hands Miss Hellman's group of eccentrics from the Deep South, though they never cease to rivet attention, hardly come alive.

We get the odd feeling that the author is a clever doctor commenting as she passes from bed to bed in a hospital ward on some striking traits of morbid psychology. Her comments are instructive, even illuminating, but as we take them in we gradually forget that the patients are also human beings. Their various weaknesses are analysed with a cool professional clarity and ingeniously interlocked to illustrate the lecturer's general theme; but when towards the end of the lecture some of the patients begin to give anguished utterance to harsh, bitter thoughts of their own we are slightly embarrassed by the display of human emotion and find it difficult to respond.

The first act has the density of a novel but really tells us extraordinarily little. Two old maids, Carrie and Anne, are living together in an old New Orleans house the size of which indicates that they have rather come down in the world. They are saving up week by week for a trip to Europe, but it is clear that this is a dream project that they keep going simply to preserve their self-respect as decayed gentlewomen. It is evident also that frail, fluttering, talkative Carrie is much fonder of her ne'er-do-well brother than the sensible matter-of-fact Anne.

When the ne'er-do-well returns with a girl wife, 150,000 dollars in his pocket, rich, gaudy presents for his dear sisters and the boat tickets for their trip to Europe, the old maids are knocked all of a heap. They cannot help thinking that their brother has not come by the money honestly; and, even worse, the sudden, almost miraculous realization of their dream trip brings home to them the sad truth that now they are too old really to enjoy the wonders of Europe. They have kept alive a dream that was obsolete long ago simply to hide their own aimlessness from themselves. In short, they don't want to go.

So far, the play tells a sort of Henry James story. It might stop there, but for the introduction of another eccentric. The brother's girl wife is a case of arrested development. Sexually voracious, she has no sense of conjugal discretion and always wears night attire during the daytime. This odd behaviour shocks the genteel Carrie's sense of propriety. More than that, it stirs her smothered jealousy, and we have the great scene in which Anne accuses her sister of always having had an incestuous desire for her brother. Poor Carrie cannot deny the accusation; but she hates her sister for having made it.

So we proceed to the next bed in our lecture tour and to the interlocking of Carrie's perversion with the sub-normal simplicity of the over-sexed girl wife. The frightened child learns that her husband's fortune has been made with the help of a former mistress, now the wife of a formidable local tycoon. She knows that he is going to meet this woman to make over half the money to her so that she can leave her husband and go to Europe. The child resigns herself to the probability that she can only hope to keep her husband from the other woman for about a year. Well, a year will be enough.

It occurs to her that she might make a bargain with the tycoon; and with the connivance of the shameless Carrie she telephones him the full facts of the case. Within a matter of an hour the tycoon has had his wife disfigured and the girl wife's husband beaten

up and robbed of all his money. And the curtain falls on a family obviously doomed to a chain reaction of domestic disasters.

Miss Wendy Hiller as the fluttery victim of a brother fixation and Mr. Ian Bannen as the happy-go-lucky brother are comparatively happy in their parts. She gives a fine emotional performance and he an agreeable display of feckless flamboyance. Miss Diana Wynyard discovers subtle nuances in the dull part of the sensible sister; and Miss Coral Browne—as a rich woman who lives apart from society with a coloured chauffeur and is hardly otherwise explained—acts as elegant chorus to the action. But the general effect nevertheless is disappointing.



ANGUS McBEAN

IT'S NORMAL IN THE DEEP SOUTH. Top: Suddenly-rich brother Julian (Ian Bannen) heaps unwanted luxury on dour sister Anne (Diana Wynyard). Above: Anne, with younger sister Carrie (Wendy Hiller), listen to the tale that Lily (Judith Stott) tells Julian to account for her self-inflicted wound, in *Toys In The Attic*

## CINEMA

Elsbeth Grant

## Twenty years and a world ago

BY FAR THE MOST STIRRING OF THE week's films is the 71-minute documentary, *Blitz On Britain*—an admirably edited record of Hitler's ferocious aerial assaults upon this country from May 10, 1940, to May, 1941. It has been pieced together from 50 miles of film—some shot by newsreel cameramen, some shot in combat by R.A.F. and Luftwaffe crews—and is as dramatic as it is factual. The year-long battle, which put the ordinary citizen in the front line and devastated our cities but failed to destroy our spirit, has been described by Sir Winston Churchill as one of the most decisive in world history: it certainly disrupted the Nazi plans for invading Britain.

The film, with its excellently restrained commentary by Mr. Alistair Cooke, is curiously nostalgic to anybody who experienced the blitz. "Jove!" one finds oneself thinking with a glow of pride as memories of 20 years ago are revived. What a people we were in those days, when we had the guts to do it alone! I can't help hoping it will be shown in the United States—to be seen by those millions of citizens who have never known what it feels like to be "the target for tonight."

Military service has done Mr. Elvis Presley a power of good: it has fined him down, straightened him up, curbed his pelvic contortions and given him an easy confidence which is not unbecoming. Having acquired, at Uncle Sam's expense, a certain maturity, he had better set about getting, at whatever cost to himself, a new set of slightly more mature scriptwriters. G.I. Blues is as puerile as they come—and more than a little nauseating in its suggestion that the G.I.s in West Germany are stark, staring dame-crazy.

The story is that hoary old thing about the soldier who, for a wager, undertakes to seduce the most unseducible lady in town. The soldier is, of course, Mr. Presley and the lady—Frankfurt's top cabaret artiste—is played by Miss Juliet Prowse, a long-legged dancer who is not quite an actress yet.

Yes, Mr. Presley falls in love with Miss Prowse and she with him—and then she finds out about the wager and. . . But why should I go on? You know it all as well as I do. While Mr. P. is tangling with

Miss P., his buddies, Messrs. Robert Ivers and James Douglas, are busy elsewhere—one deflowering an innocent Italian waitress and the other belatedly making an honest woman of the Fräulein who has borne him a child.

Mr. Presley finds time to gargle a number of songs, letting (to use his own expression) "the beat ooze through" in the way that "sends" his fans. I can't abide his singing but otherwise I have really nothing against the young man: he can scarcely be blamed for the tastelessness of the film, which was, one notes with despondency, "produced with the full co-operation of the U.S. Army."

One can see why Mr. Nigel Balchin's prickly novel, *A Sort Of Traitors*, appealed to the redoubtable Boulting Brothers: it offered them another chance for a bash at Authority. What I cannot understand is why they had to introduce into *Suspect* (their film based on the book) a sort of cosy embroidery of comedy to disguise the uncomfortable texture of the original work. It is true the film was made (in only 17 days) as a "second feature" but that is no excuse for throwing integrity overboard.

Mr. Ian Bannen gives a remarkable and shattering performance as an armless war victim, whose disability has made him both a sadist and a masochist. Miss Virginia Maskell is excellent as the young woman who lives with and looks after him with endless patience. She is a laboratory assistant engaged as one of a team of scientists which includes Messrs. Peter Cushing and Tony Britton, in germ research: she shares her colleagues' anger and frustration when Authority, under the Official Secrets Acts, forbids them to publish the results of their work on security grounds.

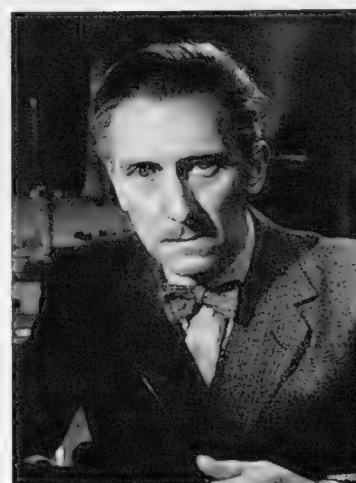
Meeting Mr. Britton with Miss Maskell, Mr. Bannen suspects an affair between them and vindictively decides to "scupper" the scientists. By encouraging the gullible Mr. Britton in a growing determination to flout Authority and to publish abroad and be damned, Mr. Bannen lures him to the verge of treason. Fortunately for Mr. Britton, Mr. Cushing intervenes to save him from disaster—but Mr. Bannen never learns of this: he has committed suicide.

There are splendid performances from Mr. Donald Pleasence as a sleazy foreign agent and Mr. Raymond Huntley as a pompous Defence Minister, and an entertaining one from Mr. Thorley Walters as a myopic member of M.I.5—but, as I say, the story is essentially not the kind that goes with a good giggle.

Miss Anne Heyward has a horrid time in *Carthage In Flames*. Rescued, unsinged, from the altar fires of Moloch (I think) she eventually resigns herself, through unrequited

love, to being roasted alive when the Romans burn Carthage to the ground. As usual, gorgeous spectacle in Technicolor—and dialogue that makes one wish the Italians would present their epics as "silents."

*Black Nets*, a story of fishermen and diving girls, is one of a series of Japanese films clearly designed for Western consumption—presumably to urge us not to be beastly to the Japanese as they're beastly enough to themselves.



FOUR AT THE CROSSROADS. Top: *The war victim* (Ian Bannen) planning to get his own back on authority. Middle: *Bob & Lucy* (Tony Britton & Virginia Maskell), bitter at the curtain of secrecy drawn over their work. Above: *The professor* (Peter Cushing) faced with mutiny in his germ research team. From *Suspect*

## BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

## Mr. Coward is no longer angry

IT IS BY NOW CLEAR THAT THE English have long since given up the national pursuits of shop-keeping, horse-breeding and tea-drinking in favour of reading books. Sometimes I have a brief awe-inspiring vision of the entire nation sitting up far into the night, the telly silent, the household tasks abandoned, just reading, reading, reading. . .

No time for loitering this week: we must keep our heads well down against the gale and press on. Mr. Noël Coward, author of plays, songs, short stories, autobiography, actor, entertainer, and once upon a time furiously angry young man well before that little tag was invented, has written his first novel, *Pomp and Circumstance*, a mild and totally harmless joke about an amorous Duchess and a sunny island preparing for a Royal Visit.

There are, if you care to look at it that way, some daring moments with comic Lesbians and adultery foiled by chicken-pox, but time has so mellowed Mr. Coward that, like Ophelia sweetly singing her bawdy songs, he turns it all to favour and slightly faded prettiness. Better re-read *Hay Fever*, still one of the funniest comedies around and far less old-fashioned.

*Madeleine, Young Wife* is an enlargement of Mrs. Robert Henry's *A Farm in Normandy*, and is part three in her autobiographical trilogy. "This great saga," as the jacket mildly puts it, takes in the war and the writer's return to Normandy. Those strong enough not to quail before Mrs. Henry's simple-sweetness and hyper-femininity will welcome another ramble round the orchards. ". . . it is in the country that, as women, we live with intensity." Very true, no doubt, but it's that low, vibrant throb that unnerves me. Mrs. Henry describes herself as "a packet of sensitivity," which seems fair enough. . .

Searle and Atkinson, the rocking-chair travellers who first enslaved me with *U.S.A. for Beginners*, have followed the wild surmise of that exquisite journey with *Russia for Beginners*. The pair appear, intent and vaguely sinister, watching and drawing on the first page, swiftly followed by a few spreads of ravaging but cheery wolves racing from left to right. It is insanely



funny, barbed satire, told in the familiar innocent, even dulcet tone of voice, and my favourite character is the leader of the delinquent gang called the Moscow Layabouts who wears an ocelot cloak and the ribbon of the Order of Czar Nicholas I and longs to meet Marilyn Monroe, Laura La Plante and Anna May Wong, in any order.

**The Infernal World of Branwell Brontë** by Daphne du Maurier—what subject more suitable for the author of that chip off the old Brontë granite, *Rebecca*?—is a fascinating study of a life that was too dismal even to grow into a thumping great tragedy. Poor Branwell remains simply his sister's unhappy brother, failed artist and indifferent poet.

Nicholas Bentley, who could often be perceived lurking behind the quotations in that oblique and delectable autobiography-by-implication, *A Choice of Ornaments*, has tiptoed out into the open with **A Version of the Truth**, which tells how he grew up, went to art school, and followed, among other trades, that of clown in a circus and fireman during the blitz. It is lit by a sort of skidding, pianissimo irony, and the tone of voice is very likeable, inquiring, often perplexed, sometimes stubborn, unmistakably honest.

*Briefly* . . . No cook writes better, both from the point of view of literature and as good practical working-notes, than the delectable Elizabeth David, to whom everyone whose only initial talent for cooking was the ability to read a sentence owes an incalculable debt. There is no need to say more than that **French Provincial Cooking** would make a smashing present even at Christmas, when the thought of food goes on far, far too long. . . . Arthur Koestler's disabused journey to the Orient in search of faith, **The Lotus & the Robot**, is so steely-eyed and so dangerously funny that it is without any doubt my favourite book of the month. His ferociously unbamboozled account of Zen is the only exposition of this mystery that has made any sort of sense to me at all, and it will be a long time before I forget the lengthy quotation on the higher techniques of Yoga by Dr. Theos Bernard: "To elongate the tongue so that it can be placed between the eyebrows requires several years, but it is not necessary to achieve this goal at once."

**La Vie Anglaise** is a neat guide to England by Tony Meyer, admirably translated by Christopher Sykes and pithily illustrated by Osbert Lancaster. . . . Yvonne Mitchell's second novel, **Frame for Julian** is a rather rum story about an extra-sensitive doomed painter and his family, good on domestic dialogue, puzzling in construction. . . . And **Operation**

**Elvis** by Alan Levy is a wildly enjoyable, strictly factual, no-comment account of what happened when Presley, a cheery lad and no shirker, got drafted into the army. Almost the finest moment is when Elvis, worried by adverse criticism, asks his mother, Mrs. Gladys Presley, whether in her opinion his stage demeanour is vulgar. "Son," she tells him straight, "You're not vulgar, but you're puttin' too much into your singin'. Keep that up and you won't live to be thirty."

## RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

### Lucky number for Norman

A THIRTEEN-NAME BILL MAY PROVE to be Norman Granz's luckiest concert tour of all when it opens in London next Saturday. The star-studded list includes Julian "Cannonball" Adderley's quintet, who make their first appearance in England. The fiery alto player's startling nickname should not be confused with something to do with a rock 'n' roll act! His style is modern in concept, backed by his brother Nat Adderley, who plays trumpet, and Victor Feldman on piano and vibraphone. The quintet's music is not well featured in the record catalogues, but one of the best examples is **Cannonball's sharpshooters** (MMB12008).

Also representing the modern school is Dizzy Gillespie, "The greatest trumpet of them all," as his latest album proclaims (CLP-1381). That virtuoso trombonist J. J. Johnson, who has made a previous J.A.T.P. tour, is likely to join Dizzy on stage, but the grouping of the remainder of the cast gives rise to much speculation.

Granz is bringing the famous bongo drummer, Candido, whose distinguished career has included spells with Kenton, Herman, and Gillespie. To complete the front-line unit he has invited trumpeter Roy Eldridge, who always treats us to a sparkling display of swinging solo work, and three of the top saxophonists in the sphere of mainstream jazz. One is Coleman Hawkins, who never ceases to entrance me by his fluent digressions in the cause of jazz. He has just brought off a big coup in the recording world by his outstanding collaboration with Milt Jackson in **Bean bags** (SAH-K6095), and there is a repeat of a former success in his sextet EP (EP235). Another is

Benny Carter, a lyrical altoist and arranger of more than 20 years' standing, and now one of the most sought-after musicians on the West Coast. And finally there is a former Basie tenor-man, Don Byas, whose style is similar to Hawkins's. Don replaced Herschal Evans, the rhapsodic saxophone player in the prewar Basie group, then settled in France after the war.

I can hardly wait to hear these three disporting themselves in front of the same microphone. It might develop into one of those old-time cutting contests we read so much about, particularly if Basie's old drummer, Jo Jones, puts that extra lift into the beat. By a strange coincidence Eldridge, Carter and Jones appear separately in the various groups which accompany Billie Holiday in her memorial album (TFL5106). The period covered by Billie's 14 tracks is 1936-41, with one unfortunate inclusion from her deathbed period in 1958. The rest depict her in her heyday, singing the way she was born to sing, with the jazz world at her feet. Pianist Teddy Wilson's dominating work in most of these accompanying groups is quite a *tour de force*, and the record must stand as one of the most important collections of reissued material in recent years.

The inevitable Jo Jones turns up again as the dominant rhythm man in one of Basie's revival albums, delicately titled **Basie's basement**. These are no skeletons from his cellar, but a delightfully fresh-sounding set of 1947 recordings, mostly featuring Jimmy Rushing's rousing vocals. Here you will find the stepping stone between his prewar band, where the accent lay on the soloist, and his present-day band, where a delicate balance comes down slightly in favour of the ensemble effect. Before doubting my forecast, try his 1960 album, **Dance along with Basie** (SCX3333). I think it proves my point better than any words in print.

## GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

### You've got to dig the code

I WAS REMINDED BY BOTH THE exhibitions I have seen this week of Sickert's French governess who, when unable to make herself understood in English, would shrug her shoulders and say, "*Enfin, je me comprends*." In recent years many

playwrights—men like Ionesco, Beckett, Pinter—have questioned in their plays the adequacy, and even the validity, of words as a means of communication, so that now even those who do not recognize its existence in real life are aware of the problem of non-communication as at least a theme for the stage.

In painting and sculpture the problem has been apparent rather longer. Indeed, many contemporary artists, more than ably abetted by a strong caucus of critics, must seem to the layman to have been deliberately and assiduously working for years towards a state of complete non-communication between themselves and the public. Often, after seeing the work of certain artists and then reading the reviews of it by certain critics, I wonder how many of them can say honestly, "*Enfin, je me comprends*."

It must of course be admitted that most people make no effort at all to understand either artist or critic. As an American critic once put it, their attitude to the modern artist is "*I don't dig what you are doing, therefore you are goofing on the job*." They want to understand what the artist is saying without making any attempt to learn the language he is writing in.

Writing? That brings me back to Mathieu, whose work is said to have been greeted by André Malraux with the words, "*Enfin, un calligraphe occidental*", and by Japan's Soichi Tominaga with the words (in Japanese, of course), "The greatest French painter since Picasso." (Since Picasso is Spanish this may have some inscrutable Oriental irony behind it).

Mathieu is an "action" painter using a calligraphic style. After covering his canvases with translucent washes of subtle colours he makes complicated scribbles upon them, working with a brush or squirting the pure colour direct from the tube at frenetic speed. Several national-newspaper critics seem to have taken exception to the speed at which he works—eight to 15 minutes for some of the major paintings (priced at up to £5,000)—but the results are undeniably arresting. Whether they are serious works of art is another matter. And a matter of which the key is perhaps to be found at the ICA's exhibition, "The Mysterious Sign."

One of Mathieu's smaller paintings is included in this curious exhibition which purports to give "some indication of the various ways in which the painters of our time have revalued the symbols of written language in the course of developing an art of the sign, of how effectively the pictograph, the hieroglyph and the alphabetical letter have served as points of departure. . . ." It sets out to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 484



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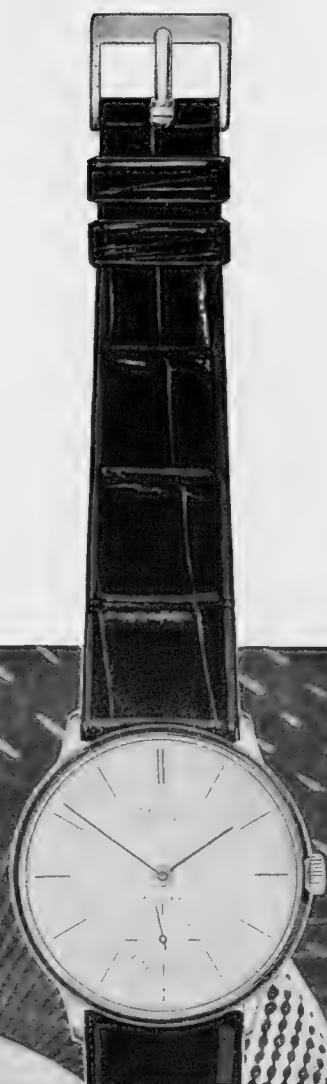
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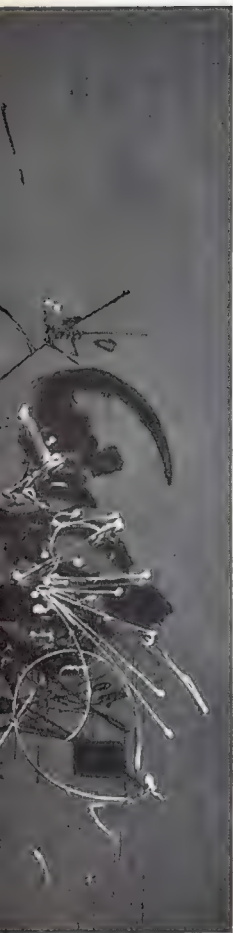


VERDICTS  
continued

demonstrate that from the time, 50 years ago, when Picasso and Braque dropped readable words like "Ma Jolie" and "J. S. Bach" into their severest Cubist pictures, until now, when Lucio Fontana jabs his brush handle through his canvas to make holes that have been likened to those on the punched cards fed to electronic computers, there has been some continuous development in this art. It fails, partly because the pictures chosen are mostly second-rate and partly because, in the attempt to make the idea of "painting-writing" seem more significant than it is, works that have nothing to do with it—Dubuffet's *Danse pour le moustique* and Tektas Agaoglu's *Brown and grey* for instance—have been dragged in.

In this context then, Mathieu's scribbles are seen by some pundits as parts of a code. Not, mark you, as a code that means, stands for, or represents something else, but as a code to be admired, reacted to, or enjoyed for itself; just as one might enjoy the look of separate letters of an alphabet or the sounds of isolated, onomatopoeic words. By others they are likened to the extemporizations of a jazz musician. In either case they are lightweight, even evanescent things, decorations attuned to a contemporary mood and unlikely to survive except as museum pieces after the mood has passed.

The artist's choice of pompous, gimmicky titles—nearly all of them are named after historic battles and executions—supports rather than contradicts this verdict. But while it is difficult to understand how eminent art authorities can attribute epoch-making importance to Mathieu, the validity of painting in which the making of "pictures" has been replaced by the creation of new shapes, signs and symbols that stimulate sensations other than (and more instinctive than), those that come through self-identification with subject matter, is established. And since it is here to stay the best thing to do is to try to dig it.



A calligraphic  
painting by  
Georges Mathieu

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The **top to toe** treatment is a five-point system. **1.** Body massage with optional spot slimming. **2.** Hair rethought into a new shape. **3.** Minute attention to hands and feet (often the losers in a skimpy day-to-day routine). **4.** Facial. **5.** A final comb-out for the new hairstyle.

But this is only one aspect of a lively approach to garnishing good looks at Rubinstein's or finding the answers to sticking-point problems (e.g. cleaning up young but imperfect skins, combating excessive dryness, toning tired muscles, attacking a difficult weight problem). Other devices on tap are: the **Volcano-therm** treatment for spot slimming, which reduces by heat (rather like a dry form of Turkish bath—the wax-like substance that is harvested from the bottom of a volcano in Italy is smeared on trouble spots, then peeled off) . . . the steam cabinets . . . heated blankets (heaven on a cold day) . . . traction couch which stretches and relaxes, improving posture and toning muscles . . . the **Reducaid** form of massage . . . and the relaxing **Faradism** treatment which tightens muscles, relaxes and improves circulation are all part of the scientific, sane approach to slimming.

The special flavour of Helena Rubinstein's is the relaxing atmosphere of the old Nash house with its octagonal-domed room just papered in red velvet by David Hicks, and the cherub-laden ceiling and columned walls of the ballroom-that-was, now the hair salon. Here there is an expert outlook on tinting, which is viewed with an eye to skin tone and make-up and the corrective work they undertake to bring back health to hair which has suffered from slap-dash tinting. The face too has a host of beautifiers—the **Skin Life Turgosmon** treatment for anti-wrinkle campaigners; oxygen treatment to close pores, tone and refresh; infra-red lamps for dry skins and a spray treatment for oily ones. Final touch: the flattering cast of a perfectly balanced make-up.

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## DINING IN

Helen Burke

### Don't forget the old ale

THOUGH MANY PEOPLE HOLD THAT Christmas puddings should be made as early as October, this is not really necessary. The preliminary long boiling period and the second boiling on Christmas Day are sufficient to blend the flavours. What is essential, however, is that the fruits—indeed all the ingredients—should be of first quality.

As Christmas is just over a month away, it is a good idea to make the pudding now and get it out of the way, as it were, before the season's big rush begins. Most cooks like to make a batch of puddings and put one or two of them in reserve for special occasions during the coming year—and there are some folk who never make the pudding they make this year until Christmas on the following one.

Here is the recipe for 3 good-sized puddings, weighing approximately 3 lb. each. I shall not tabulate the ingredients (that would take up too much space) but shall give them, as I usually do, in the order in which they are used. Incidentally, I know a good cook who adds to the fruits ½ lb. stoned prunes—nice large soft ones—cut into fairly small pieces. A good idea. Add them, if you like.

Pick over 1½ lb. currants and ½ lb. each sultanas and Valencia raisins. If they have been bought in packets, they will have already been cleaned. Otherwise, place them in a colander, wash them quickly under running cold water, then drain them well and spread them on a linen cloth to dry. Stone the raisins. It is a good idea to cut some of the sultanas in half so that their aroma will flavour the pudding.

Sift together ¾ lb. flour (half plain and half rice flour), 1 rounded teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 grated nutmeg, and ½ teaspoon each ground ginger and ground cinnamon. Add 1 lb. fresh bread-crumbs and 1 lb. soft brown sugar. In a very large bowl, mix together the dried fruits, ½ lb. chopped mixed peel and 4 oz. chopped blanched almonds. Add the dry ingredients and 1 lb. chopped kidney suet or shredded suet.

Beat together for a minute or two 6 eggs and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Add ¼ pint old ale, or sherry and one measure of whisky, to them and stir the lot and ½ cup grated peeled apples into the other mixture. Finally, stir in up to another ¼ pint ale or sherry, to make a mixture which, though moist, will fall from the spoon only when a full one is taken up, turned and given a short sharp jerk.

Almost fill 3 buttered basins with the mixture. Cover each with buttered greaseproof paper and a cloth. Stand on trivets in boiling water coming half-way up them, cover and boil for 6 to 7 hours, adding more boiling water when necessary. Remove the cloths, leave to become cold, then tie a dry clean cloth on each and store in a cool dry place.

On Christmas Day, re-boil the pudding or puddings for 3 to 4 hours and serve with white brandy sauce or rum butter or half-whipped cream.

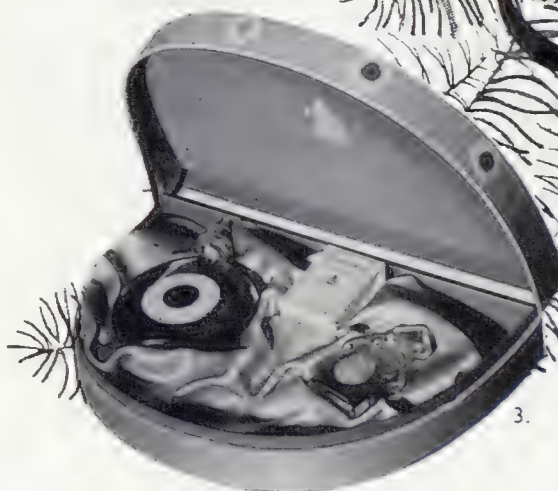
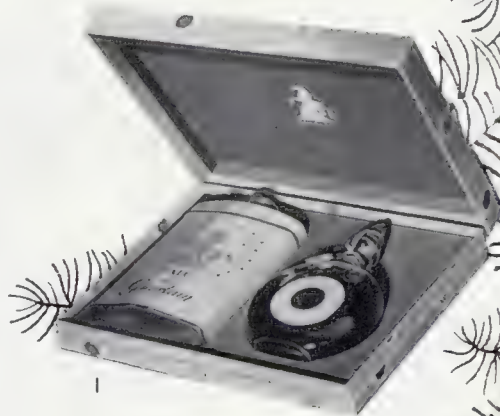
Following an already rich Christmas dinner, a plainer pudding is often to be preferred, so here is an old favourite of mine—an eggless pudding, ideal for those (and they are many) who cannot eat eggs. I give the ingredients in cup measurements, because that is the way I have used this recipe for many years. The British Standard cup is 10 oz. but I use the 8-oz. measure for a teacup.

One cup each raisins and currants, ½ cup each sultanas and chopped mixed peel, 1½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup each sugar, shredded suet, grated raw carrot and grated raw potato, grated rind and juice of a lemon. Mix these together as for the first Christmas pudding. Stir into them 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Mix all well together.

Three-quarters fill a large pudding basin with the mixture. Cover as above, stand on a trivet in a pan of boiling water reaching half-way up, cover and boil for 3 hours. This is a "quickie." No second boiling is required.

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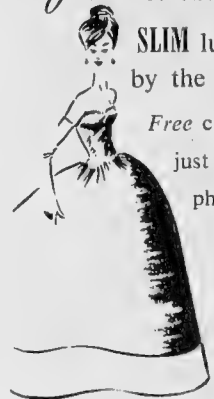
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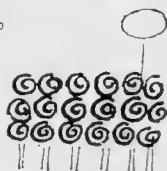
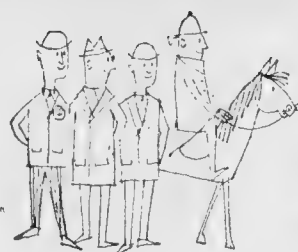
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## MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

BANKERS DON'T. MEN IN UNIFORM mustn't. Bishops wouldn't. Bridegrooms should. Keen shots shouldn't. I could go on for some time without your guessing. What I am being dogmatic about is buttonholes or *boutonnieres*. Apart from some notable (and praise-worthy) exceptions—Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian, Sir Malcolm Sargent and Lord Willoughby de Eresby—the men in this man's world are sadly austere lapel-wise. I suppose the tailors haven't helped. Try setting out one morning in a flush of euphoria, determined to add some colour to November in London. Buy yourself a flower—a clove carnation, say—and while your change is being brought, put it into your buttonhole. The odds are that your tailor, unless specially instructed, has made a slit that would be inhospitable to a blade of grass, let alone the calyx of your carnation. And the calyx must be hidden under the lapel.

You are lucky if you can accomplish this camel-through-the-eye-of-a-needle feat without snapping the stalk off, but if you do you are presented with another interesting choice: you can either use a pin, probably supplied gratis by the florist, to fasten the stalk to the inside of your lapel and thus produce a hideous bump on the cloth, or you can try to thread the stalk through a little corded loop, which is almost sure to be too near the buttonhole. After these trials your flush of euphoria will be dissipated and you will want to add to my dogmatism *"Tailors have never tried."*

The remedy is simple: a large buttonhole (it needn't look untidy when you aren't wearing a flower if it's properly made) and a small buttoning tab under the lapel.

I have inquired from several florists whether they could undertake a delivery service of single blooms. The sort of service I had in mind was the filling of a standing order for two carnations a day—one for the day and one for the evening. It would seem a blessing to escorts during the season, but florists feel that it would be impracticable as *"people leave for work before the van driver starts his day."* I remain unconvinced...

What sort of flower? Well, carnations lead the field, especially for weddings and the conductor's podium (ever seen Sir Malcolm without one?). They are available the year round, and the only choice left to you is colour. At weddings a useful rule is: white for groom, best man and ushers, and red for

guests. The gardenia can also look fine with morning dress, and it has a scent and glossy splendour that seem to suit weddings. With a dinner jacket, a red carnation; with tails a white one. This last rule is firm (though a gardenia might be acceptable, but in any case the flower must be white). Any other colour would ruin the whole black and white effect. A grey morning coat seems to me to need a dark red rather than a white carnation. The only sports that allow of a buttonhole are hunting and coaching, and the latter has a splendid history of floral eccentricity—violets, pinks and even the tiger lily of Lord Willoughby had its forerunner in coaching. Hunting produced less panache than one might expect, though Nubar Gulbenkian is not to be seen without his orchid. One gentleman, I am told, sported a marigold this season.



R. GORDON WILSON

Mr. Gulbenkian—orchid for panache

A last word—the cornflower, God's gift to Old Etonians, seems neglected. It can look well on a dark suit, and its size recommends it. The rose, too, in smaller sizes, makes an excellent *boutonniere*. I am all for daring, but some flowers are naturally ruled out by size or absurdity—dahlias would not seem a good choice. May your native good taste, too, steer you away from any florist who tries to sell you those remarkable confections based on a carnation and closely supported by fern, wire and silver foil. I hope this plea for brighter lapels will not be ignored—I would hate to see the London flower-sellers join the ranks of so many other street vendors.



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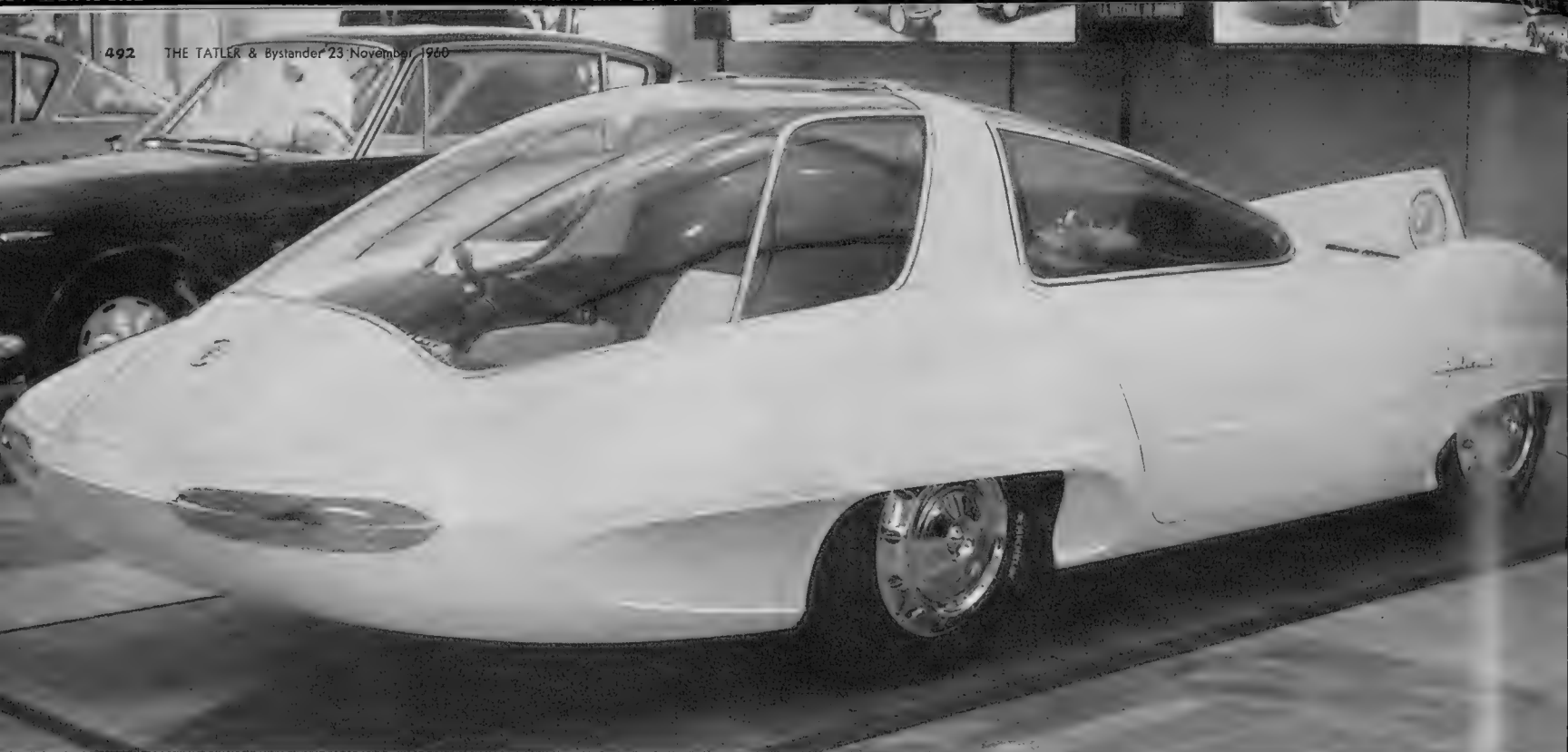
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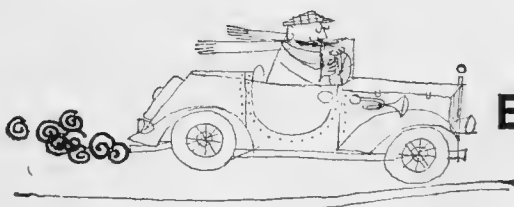




*The chrysalis look—Ghia's new Selene 2 coupé for combating motorway boredom. The driver sits forward of the front axle and steers by handlebars*

## MOTORING

*Gordon Wilkins*



## Experience & Innocenti

AFTER RECENT EVENTS ITALIAN motorists really ought to consider erecting a statue of Sir Leonard Lord, or having one of their new roads named after him, for the appearance of the Austin A40, assembled by Innocenti for the Italian market, touched off a price war which left them gasping.

Confronted with the A40 selling at £505, Fiat slashed the price of their 1100 saloon by about £55 to bring it down to £510. Alfa Romeo replied by lopping £53 off the price of the Renault Dauphine, which they assemble in Italy, to make it £448. It was wonderful news for Italian motorists, but cut-throat competition of this kind should banish any rosy ideas about easy sales for British cars in the Common Market to offset the decline in American sales. An increasing amount of assembly and finishing will have to be done on the Continent to keep our prices competitive. It may even mean that we face competition from our own cars. Innocenti are producing a lovely new version of the Austin Healey Sprite with a body by Ghia which is a little gem. In Italy it sells for £85 less than the standard model and they are planning to export it. Once having seen it, few people will waste a second glance on the British-built body (pleasing though that is) if the export prices are at all comparable.

After inspecting the Lea Francis Lynx, which Motor Show rumour

said was inspired by the liaison of a cigar and a dustbin lid, or the Fairthorpe, or the superbly hideous taxi built for an American woman by our last remaining independent custom coachbuilder, it was a relief to see some new ideas competently carried out at the Turin Show. Not that the Italians are by any means infallible. Lombardi had built a truly horrible saloon body on the Studebaker Lark which would not have got past the rough-sketch stage in an American studio and was far inferior to the standard model.

Having sold square, angular designs to manufacturers in Italy, France, Britain and U.S.A. (and he is now working for the Japanese, too), Pinin Farina, like a Paris couturier, has decided to change the fashion once more. His latest designs often have sharp edges, but the angular corners are out. Bonnets and tails curve boldly down towards the bumpers. It makes the car look shorter, which is appropriate when compact cars are enjoying so much popularity, but it also deprives the driver of the prominent corners which were such a help in gauging one's position in crowded car parks.

The design which caused most discussion was his Project X, a streamlined dream car with one wheel at the front to steer it, two at the sides and a driving wheel at the back. For anyone who saw the Veteran Car Run to Brighton it

invited comparison with the Sunbeam Mabley of 60 years ago and many people argued that it would not steer, would not hold the road, and would probably spin its single driving wheel whenever the road was slippery.

But it is not entirely crazy. As a four-seater 1100 c.c. saloon it is very light, and vision all round is excellent. The shape was developed in the wind tunnel at Turin Polytechnic by the assistant professor of aerodynamics, a keen young man named Morelli who is also a sail-plane pilot. His tests showed that it had extraordinarily low wind resistance—lower even, in proportion to size, than that of some single-seater speed-record cars.

If these results can be confirmed on the road they could lead to higher cruising speeds with lower fuel consumption, but Renzo Carli, Farina's son-in-law, who is in charge of the project, decided that the tests must begin with the pure shape, unspoiled by any attempt to put wheels in the conventional positions. To fit the engine in, it has been squeezed into the tail at an angle alongside the luggage and there is little foot room for the driver alongside the centre wheel housing. But if the results are good in this form, they may try to develop it into a practical car.

The Ghia concern, under the direction of an astute young man named Luigi Legre, is rapidly

becoming a big industrial enterprise on the Farina pattern. In collaboration with Fergat, a big Italian metal working concern, they are building a new works which will produce 50 fully finished bodies a day. 30 will be the Innocenti 50 sports mentioned above and 20 will be a beautiful new coupé for the Fiat 2100. In addition, the project department will continue to produce new ideas for Chrysler and other manufacturers.

Boldest of their recent creations is Selene 2, a rear-engined sports coupé built to explore the problems of fast travel on motorways. The driver sits alone in the nose, so that he arrives at the corner before the front wheels. He steers with an elegant pair of handlebars, aircraft style, and should have an interesting time gauging the position of his wheels on a sharp corner. His two passengers sit facing the rear and can watch television or refresh themselves at the bar.

It is easy to point out the impractical features of such a design but the line is most attractive and the workmanship superb. This uninhibited approach creates an atmosphere in which new ideas develop and may shape the cars of the future.

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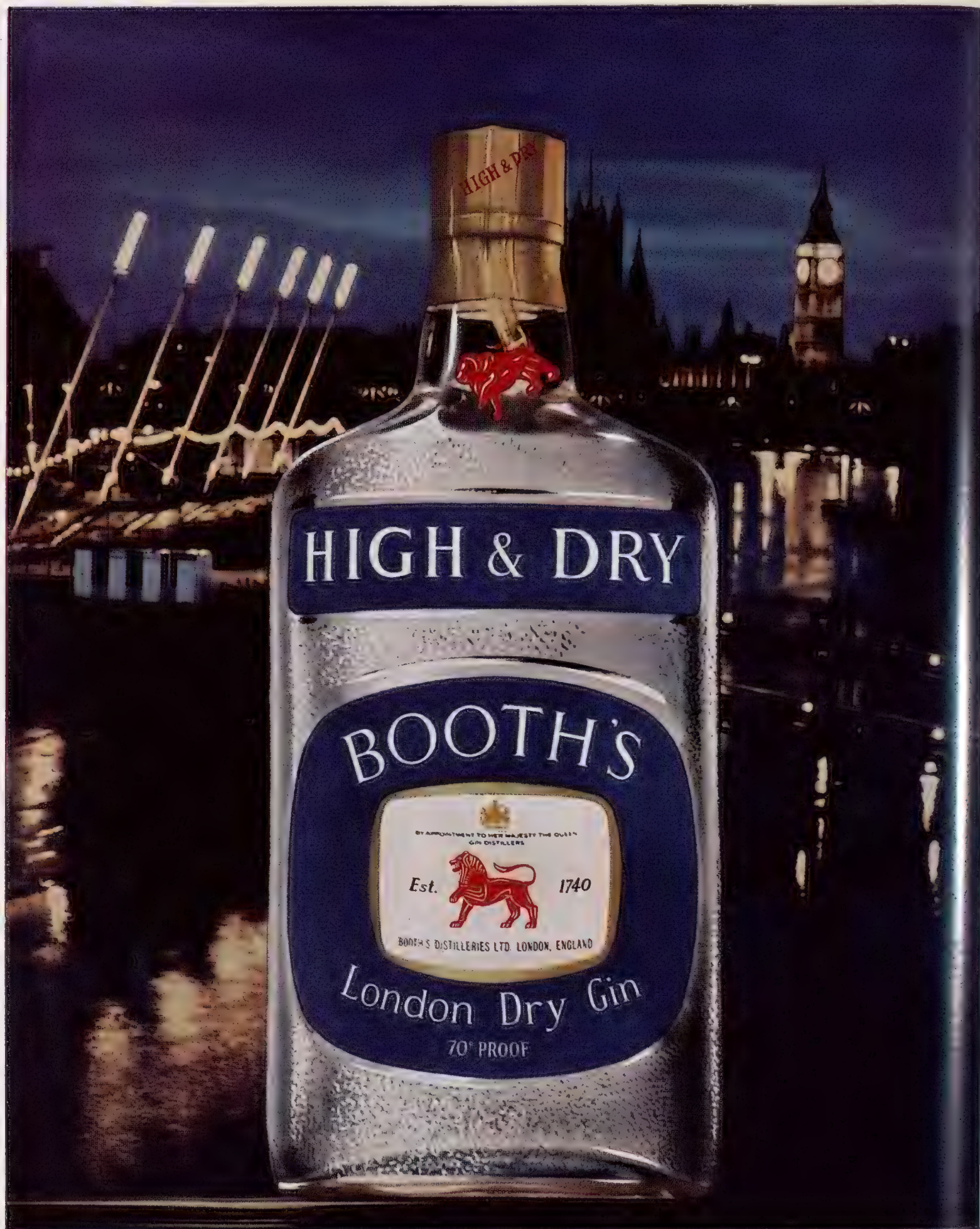
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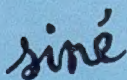


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